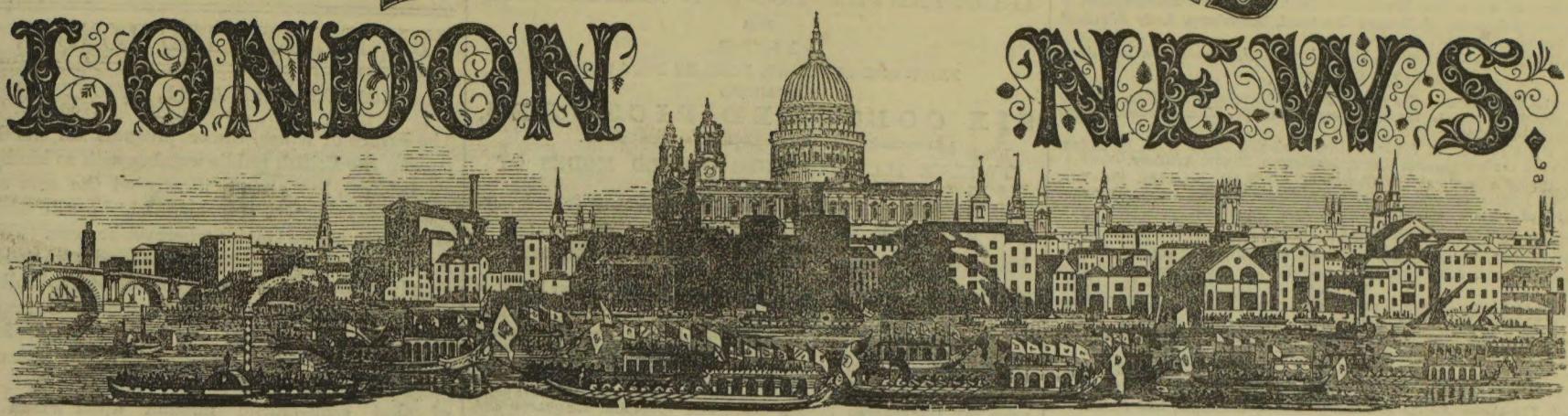


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 1890.—VOL. LXVII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS { SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d



THE BALACLAVA BANQUET AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

## BIRTHS.

On the 24th inst., at 20, St. Peter's-square, Hammersmith, the wife of Staff Commander J. H. Kerr, R.N., of a daughter.

On Aug. 23, at Paraiba, Brazil, Mrs. Robt. J. Shalders, of a daughter.

On the 20th inst., at Preston Montford, Shrewsbury, Lady Winifred Clements, of a daughter.

On the 22nd inst., at Hedsor, Maidenhead, Lady Boston, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 27th inst., at the parish church, Nuneham, the Hon. Murray E. Finch-Hatton, to the only daughter of Mr. W. E. Harcourt, High Sheriff of the county.

On the 21st ult., at Simla, Arthur Swinton, Esq., R.A., to Helen, daughter of the late Colonel Murray Mackenzie, Bengal Artillery.

On the 26th inst., at the Church of St. Peter, Brighton, the Rev. Frederick Edward Ridgeway, B.A., to Pauline Josephine, second surviving daughter of the late John Vibart, Esq.

## DEATHS.

On the 25th inst., at Boston, Lincolnshire, Anne, widow of John Holliday Thomas, J.P., aged 53 years. Friends will please accept this intimation.

On the 21st inst., Joseph Sturges, Esq., son of the late John Sturges, Esq., of Elmfield, Doncaster, Yorkshire.

On the 21st inst., at Uppingham, Stephen Payne Nash, second son of Henry Nash, Esq., of Liverpool, aged 14.

On the 20th inst., at Stone House, Goole, William Willett, C.E., deeply regretted.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 6.

## SUNDAY, Oct. 31.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. Luis I, King of Portugal, born, 1840. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.; 3.15 p.m., Right Rev. Bishop Claughton; 7 p.m., Rev. R. S. Coppleston, Bishop Designate of Colombo.

Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., the Rev. Canon Conway; 3 p.m., the Rev. Dean Stanley.

St. James's, noon, Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of the Chancery Royal.

Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. W. F. Erskine Knollys; 3 p.m., Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of the Chancery Royal.

Temple Church, 11 a.m., Rev. Dr Vaughan, Master of the Temple; 3 p.m., Rev. A. Ainger, Reader at the Temple.

## MONDAY, Nov. 1.

All Saints' Day. National Gallery opens.

Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 2 p.m.

Institute of British Architects, 8 p.m. (Address by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, the president).

Medical Society, 8 p.m.

Farmers' Club, 5.30 p.m. (Dr. Voecker on Root Crops, as affected by Soil, Manure, and Climate).

Society of Engineers, 7.30 p.m. (Mr. Hamilton W. Pendred on Screw Propellers, their Shafts and Fixtures).

Dontological Society, 8 p.m. (Mr. H. Sewill on Irregularity of the Teeth; Papers by Mr. Smith Turner and Mr. S. J. Hutchinson).

Musical Association, 4 p.m. (Mr. C. K. Salaman on Musical Criticism, 5 p.m.).

Gresham Lecture, 6 p.m. (Rev. E. Ledger on Astronomy).

## TUESDAY, Nov. 2.

All Fools' Day. Michaelmas sittings begin.

The Lord Chancellor's Reception of the Judges, noon.

Ross Poultry, Pigeon, and Dog Show.

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 2 p.m.

Society of Biblical Archaeology, 8.30 p.m. (Dr. Birch, with an Egyptian Mummy, with Osteological Notes by Professor W. H. Flower; Mr. George Smith on a Babylonian Account of the Deluge).

Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.

Gresham Lecture, 6 p.m. (Rev. E. Ledger on Astronomy).

## WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3.

Races: Lincoln Autumn Meeting (three days).

Agricultural Society, noon.

## THE WEATHER.

## RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEEV OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea 31 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF		THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in Miles per hour, read at 10 A.M. next morning.	Rain for 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	Maximum, read at 10 A.M.		
Oct 20	29.406	49.8	49.4	98	10.5	51.9	ENE. SSW.	169	In .495
21	29.522	52.3	50.5	'94	7	48.4	S. SSE.	219	'160
22	29.469	49.7	48.6	'96	8	44.7	SSE. ESE.	215	'370
23	29.420	48.0	47.2	'97	10	44.3	ESE. SW. NNE.	200	'150
24	20.036	47.6	43.2	'86	—	44.3	NNE. N.	106	000
25	30.165	43.4	38.6	'85	3	35.1	NNE. SSE.	145	000
26	30.015	43.8	37.2	'79	9	37.8	ESE. SE.	444	'276

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten a.m.:—

Barometer (inches) corrected .. 29.430 20.546 29.507 29.348 29.938 30.202 30.19  
Temperature of Air .. 49.3° 56.0° 55.7° 49.3° 49.6° 45.4° 47.1°  
Temperature of Evaporation .. 48.7° 54.1° 53.8° 49.4° 46.9° 43.5° 44.0°  
Direction of Wind .. ENE. S. ENE. NE. SE. S. S. E.

## TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 6.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m s	h m s	h m s	h m s	h m s	h m s	h m s

DORE'S GREAT PICTURE, CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM, with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "Christian Martyrs," "Massacre of the Innocents," "The Soldiers of the Cross," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

DURRY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT in the Great Irish Drama, SHAUGHRAUN, Illustrated with beautiful Scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every Evening. Preceded by THE WHITE HAT. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d., £1 4s. Doors open at 6.30; Commence at 7. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

LYCEUM.—MACBETH.—Every Evening at Eight. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded at Seven by THE WEDDING DAY. Box-office open daily, from Ten till Five. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. The largest and most magnificent Theatre in the World. Open Every Evening at 7.30. New Proscenium and the interior magnificently redecorated.

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THE  
ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK  
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LOCOMOTION,  
AS HEADINGS TO THE CALENDAR;  
TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;  
ASTRONOMICAL DIAGRAMS OF REMARKABLE PHENOMENA  
WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES:

The Royal Family of Great Britain; the Queen's Household; her Majesty's Ministers; Lists of Public Offices and Officers; Bankers; Law and University Terms; Fixed and Movable Festivals; Anniversaries; Acts of Parliament passed during the Session of 1875; Revenue and Expenditure; Obituary of Eminent Persons; Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan Calendars; Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Government Duties; Times of High Water; Post-Office Regulations; together with a large amount of useful and valuable information, which has during the past thirty-one years made the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK the most acceptable and elegant companion to the library or drawing-room table; whilst it is universally acknowledged to be by far the cheapest Almanack ever published.

The unprecedented demand for the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK year after year stimulates the Proprietor to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reception as favourable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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The SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

## THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30,

contains:—

Portrait of Lionel Brough as Tony Lumpkin in "She Stoops to Conquer," specially drawn for this Journal by Fred Barnard.

Kingsbury Showers. Drawn by Miss G. Bowers.

Sea-Shooting in the Arctic Regions, from Sketches brought home by the Pandora.

A Delirious Review of the Theatres. Drawn by D. Wilson.

Westminster Palace and Winter Garden: Portraits of the Managing Director and Secretary.

The Balaklava Charge: "While Horse and Hero Fell!" A Sketch by J. Sturges.

A Wisp of Snipe.

A Pelota Match.

Our Captious Critic.

Circular Notes. The Histrion's Horn-Book, VI.—The Super. "Doncaster" on Past and Future Racing. Shooting Notes. Athletics. Together with all the Musical, Sporting, and Dramatic News of the Week.

Published at the Office, 198, Strand. Every Saturday. Price 6d.

## ROYAL PARK THEATRE, Park-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park.—Brilliant success of GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, with the original cast. All the original Music by Offenbach. Splendid Scenery and Costumes. Capital Chorus and Band.—THIS and EVERY EVENING at 7. Planché's beautiful Comic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled THE JACOBITE. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Admittance at 6.30; commence at 7. Opera at 8.30.—N.B. In consequence of "Geneviève de Brabant," Seats and Boxes may be secured two weeks in advance. No fees for booking.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

TUESDAY, NOV. 2.—English Play—"One Touch of Nature" and "Wonderful Woman." Appearance of Mr. Benjamin Webster.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3.—Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, NOV. 4.—Standard English Play, G. Colman's "Heir at Law."

SATURDAY, NOV. 6.—Sixth Winter Concert.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling. Saturday, Half a Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

## ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING NOV. 1.

TUESDAY.—BUATIER, the great Prestidigitateur.

WEDNESDAY.—BUATIER.

THURSDAY.—English Comedy, THE HYPOCRITE, with Mr. Phelps.

FRIDAY.—Concert, General Attractions, &c.

SATURDAY.—SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT. Production of Handel's Oratorio, ESTHER. First time since 1757. Madame Nouvel, Mdlle. Enrriquez, Mr. Walmore, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Increased Orchestra and Choir. Illuminated Promenade after Concert.

Admission One Shilling each day (except Saturday—this week Half a Crown); or by Guinea Season Ticket.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Performing  
EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT,  
and on

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS,

and SATURDAYS, at Three and Eight.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN EXISTENCE,

now in the ELEVENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR OF ONE UNBROKEN SEASON AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Company is now composed of UPWARDS OF FORTY ARTISTES,

comprising in its ranks some of the finest Vocalists and Instrumentalists in England.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF ALL THE SONGS

SUNG by the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

are written expressly for them by the most eminent Authors and Composers of the age, amongst whom may be enumerated Henry S. Lath, E. L. Blanchard, Charles J. Dunhill, John Thomson, F. Stainforth, Frank Vizetelly, R. Harrison, Godfrey Turner, H. Sampson, Herr Meyer Lutz, J. R. Thomas, R. Care, Charles Blauphin, &c.

Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30.

Evening 7.30.

No fees. No charge for Programmes. Fauteuils, 6s.; Sofa Stalls, 2s. Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

Mr. W. S. LESLIE, the marvellous Alto, willing at every Performance.

## MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,

A SPANISH BOND (first time), by Gilbert A'Beckett; a Musical Sketch by Mr. Cooley Grinn; and A TALE OF

become us to recognise and respond to an enlightened friendliness which might have been withheld. Our troops, our travellers, our commerce pass to and repass from our Indian empire through the dominions of the Egyptian Sovereign, and the means he has employed to promote their progress and comfort might, if he had been so disposed, have been turned against both.

It was fitting that the Prince of Wales, on his way to the East, should bear testimony by some public act to the moral obligations under which the Sovereign of Egypt had laid this country. If by a show of sincere good-will great objects may be obtained, which might otherwise have been lost to us, why should not such good-will be displayed? To win a friend by a smile is surely better than to prostrate an enemy by a blow. To dispense favour more becomes Princes than to lead armies to victory. The Khedive of Egypt will not be likely to underrate the passing visit of the Prince of Wales. Something has been done which will live in his memory, and, in all probability, will live there gratefully. The heir to his throne was, if we may so say, somewhat grudgingly recognised as such by the Porte ten years ago. According to the true line of Mohammedan succession, the eldest male representative of the family alive at the decease of its present head should have inherited the authority and honours of the Khedive. By a decree of the Sultan of Turkey the succession has been diverted from the brother to the eldest son. But that decree can scarcely be said to imply the spontaneous good-will of the Porte. The lord paramount is somewhat jealous of the too extensive and growing power of his vassal. It cannot be overlooked that the mark of favour bestowed upon Prince Tewfik by Queen Victoria will be all the more valuable because it incidentally indorses the Sultan's late decree. But, be this as it may, one cannot but discern in the ceremony of investiture a fair illustration of the benefits likely to attend the footsteps of the Prince through the Indian Peninsula. Unofficially, but not altogether informally, he carries with him the nation's good-will, and wherever he goes he will variously represent the desire of the people of this United Kingdom to scatter the blessings of civilisation and peace as far as the national power can be felt.

#### THE COURT.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine service on Sunday at Crathie church. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Salisbury arrived at Balmoral on Monday and dined with her Majesty. Mr. Charles L. Peel arrived at the castle.

The Queen held a Council at Balmoral on Tuesday, at which were present the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond, and the Marquis of Salisbury. Mr. Charles L. Peel was clerk of the Council. At the Council Parliament was further prorogued to Wednesday, Dec. 15. Her Majesty conferred the dignity of knighthood upon Mr. Matthew Baillie Begbie, Chief Justice of British Columbia. The Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Richmond, and Mr. Peel subsequently left the castle, the Marquis of Salisbury remaining as Minister in attendance upon the Queen.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, has driven out daily. On Thursday week the Queen and the Princess were present at the funeral of Mr. Brown, of Micras, father of her Majesty's personal attendant. On the following day the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited Sir Thomas and the Hon. Lady Biddulph. Lord and Lady Kilmarnock have been on a visit to her Majesty. The Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Thomas and Lady Biddulph have dined with the Queen. Major-General Ponsonby has arrived at Balmoral.

The Princess of Wales, with her family, continues at Sandringham House. Her Royal Highness and her elder children attended Divine service on Sunday at Sandringham Church.

We understand that the Queen has consented to the Princess of Wales and the Royal children passing their Christmas and New Year at Copenhagen. The absence of her Royal Highness will not, however, exceed five, or, at the utmost, six weeks.

The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn arrived at Gibraltar on the 19th inst.

Prince Leopold was admitted on Monday to the freedom of the City, and was presented by the Corporation with a splendid casket containing his certificate. The ceremony took place at the Guildhall, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, members of the Common Council, and 500 guests. The gold casket is of elegant design, and was manufactured by Messrs. White and Campbell, of New Bond-street.

The Duke of Cambridge returned to Gloucester House, on Saturday last, from Lord Londesborough's seat, near Scarborough.

His Excellency the German Ambassador, accompanied by Countesses Marie and Olga Münster, returned to Prussia House, Carlton House-terrace, on Saturday last, from visiting the Earl and Countess of Derby at Knowsley.

His Excellency Count Beust has arrived at the Austrian Embassy from Vienna.

His Excellency Count Schouvaloff has returned to Chesham House.

His Excellency the Brazilian Minister and the Baroness de Penedo have returned to Grosvenor-gardens from the Continent.

His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has arrived at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, from Barons Court.

Attended by a large number of men eminent in science, art, and literature, the remains of Sir Charles Wheatstone were on Wednesday borne to the cemetery at Kensal-green and buried in the family vault.—The remains of the late Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, were interred on the same day at Lavant, near that city, in the simplest possible manner.

Advices from the West Coast of Africa state that the British expedition against the Congo pirates was about to commence operations. It was intended to destroy the towns on both banks of the river, supposed to be occupied by the pirates. The latter, it was reported, had, however, in many cases destroyed the towns themselves, and retreated into the interior.

#### THE CHURCH.

##### PREFEMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Birch, T. G., to be Curate of St. Paul's, Birmingham.  
Blunt, J. St. John, Vicar of Old Windsor; Vicar of New Windsor.  
Burdillon, F.; Vicar of St. Mark's, Brighton.  
Canney, Edward; Vicar of St. Peter's, Saffron-hill, Holborn.  
Colville, Asgill Horatio; Vicar of Sutton-on-the-Hill, Derby.  
Freeman, F. E.; Curate of St. Thomas's, Coventry.  
Glyn, E. C., Vicar of St. Mary's, Beverley; Vicar of Doncaster.  
Godfrey, E.; Curate (sole charge) of Stanby with Gunby, near Grantham.  
Grigson, W. S.; Assistant-Curate of St. Thomas the Martyr, Oxford.  
Jenkins, Hinton Best; Rector of Yelvertoft, Northants.  
Madden, Wyndham; Vicar of Birling, Kent.  
Mangan, James; Vicar of Barmer, Norfolk.  
Nagle-Gillman, J. F.; Vicar of Hennock and Knighton.  
Newport, Henry; Rector of Wormshill, Kent.  
Pocock, Francis; Vicar of St. Paul's, Poole, Dorset.  
Robertson, John; Assistant-Chaplain of the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, Haverstock-hill.  
Walker, C. J.; Vicar of Warton.  
Woods, George; Chancellor of Llandaff Cathedral and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff.—*Guardian.*

On Saturday the Duchess of St. Albans laid the foundation-stone of a new church at New Basford, near Nottingham.

The old and interesting Norman church at Churhham, about five miles from Gloucester, has been destroyed by fire.

On Monday a church, dedicated to St. Luke, was opened at Burton, near Christchurch. It will seat nearly 1000 persons, and it has cost nearly £3000.

The ancient parish church of St. Nicholas, Skirbeck, near Boston, was recently reopened, after being closed for a period of thirteen months for restoration under the care of Sir Gilbert Scott.

The Corporation of Grantham have presented an address, inclosed in a silver casket, to Archdeacon Trollope, as an acknowledgment of that venerable gentleman's exertions in procuring the restoration of the parish church.

The annual Conference of the Surrey Clerical and Lay Association was held, last week, at Kingston-on-Thames, when various subjects connected with the work of the Church of England and ecclesiastical polity were discussed. Lord Middleton presided.

An animated debate on the burials question took place yesterday week at the Diocesan Conference at Chester, under the presidency of the Bishop. Very strong opinions were expressed against Mr. Osborne Morgan's bill, but the Dean of Chester and others advocated a policy of concession.

The parish church of Semley, Wilts, which has been almost rebuilt by the Marchioness of Westminster, was reopened on Wednesday week. Lady Westminster, Lady Theodora Grosvenor, and Mr. Bennett-Stanford, M.P., were amongst those present. The Church of St. Faith, Havant, has also been reopened after restoration.

The Archbishop of York, speaking at a diocesan meeting yesterday week, contrasted the readiness of the Nonconformists to erect temporary church buildings where needed with the tardiness of the Established Church in doing the same thing. He enjoined upon his hearers the propriety of making an effort by which no clergyman in the diocese would be in receipt of a salary under £150 per annum.

The Bishop of Ripon, having been appealed to against the refusal of the Incumbent of Marsden to allow the words *Requiescat in pace* to be cut on a tombstone, has agreed with the rev. gentleman's decision, and pointed out that these words really constitute a prayer for the dead, which is against true Protestant belief, though quite in harmony with Roman Catholic doctrine.

The Bishop of London began his second quadrennial visitation on Monday, at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. W. D. MacLagan from Eph. iv. 12—"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ." At one o'clock the Consistory Court was opened in due form, and his Lordship has during the week been receiving the presentations of the churchwardens.

The Bishop of Peterborough, in his charge at Brackley, last week, delivered some practical observations as to the attitude which the clergy should assume in the disputes between capital and labour. He particularised the necessity of strict neutrality, for mediation in such matters was beyond their sphere, and foreign to the work of their office. On no account, he added, should any amount of slander alienate them from the poor.

The Bishop of Chichester, speaking at Lewes, gave his opinion that surplices should be worn in the pulpit—the point having been raised by a clergyman in the archdeaconry. Some omitted a sermon when the communion was administered. This was illegal; they should curtail the hymns or shorten their sermons rather than entirely deprive the congregation of the benefit of their counsel upon so solemn an occasion. He recognised the importance of the work being done by the school boards; thought they were consistent with the existence of voluntary schools, and praised the supporters of the latter.

The last of the Ely Archidiaconal Conferences, held on Tuesday at Bedford, was remarkable for the large attendance of all classes of the laity, including several Dissenting churchwardens, and the very animated debate on the Burials Bill, when the Dissenting view was put forward in a vigorous and eloquent speech by a clergyman, the Rev. Hugh Smyth, who induced eleven members of the Conference, including Lord Charles Russell, to vote with him. Two important statements were made, one by a clergyman in whose churchyard there is an unconsecrated portion set apart for Dissenters within the wall, where during his incumbency of five years there has not been a single burial; and another by the Bishop of Ely, who said that numbers of the clergy would give willingly portions of their glebes for Nonconformist burial grounds, if a short Act was passed enabling them so to do.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

##### OXFORD.

At St. Edmund Hall, Mr. T. M. Ford, from the Royal Institution School, Liverpool, has been elected to a Bible clerkship, and Mr. C. V. Gorton, of Felstead, Essex, to an exhibition. At All Souls' Mr. Kenlan Digby Cotes, of Magdalen, has been elected to a Bible clerkship.

It having been stated in some of the daily papers that Mr. Goschen, M.P., who took his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Oxford last week, had refrained from doing so before in consequence of the tests that were formerly imposed, he writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Will you kindly allow me to contradict the statement made in your columns, and elsewhere, to the effect that I was at one time prevented from taking my degree at Oxford by the existence of religious tests? I look back with great pleasure to the part which it fell to my lot to take in the victorious campaign waged for the abolition of 'tests' at the University, but I had no personal interest in the struggle."

#### CAMBRIDGE.

The Electoral Roll was promulgated, on Tuesday morning, by the Vice-Chancellor, in pursuance of the Cambridge University Act, and contains no less than 321 names, including the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor; the Earl of Powis, High Steward; the Parliamentary Representatives, Mr. S. H. Walpole and Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope; Sir William Harcourt, Whewell Professor of International Law; and Lord Rayleigh, one of the Examiners for the Mathematical Tripos.

The Rev. Churchill Babington, B.D., of St. John's, has been re-elected Disney Professor of Archaeology.

The following elections have been made at Queen's:—Bowyer, Monroe, Aldons, Holt, Marshall, Davies, Fardtier, Wright, and Fuchs, to scholarships; Tomlin and Beuttler, to exhibitions; Walker, Baker, Gray, Best, and Price, to minor scholarships; Sadler and Statham, to a Hebrew exhibition.

On Thursday week appeared the first number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal*. The *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* is of more than ten years' standing, but at Cambridge a similar publication has only occasionally appeared. The new journal will be published at Oxford and Cambridge every Thursday during term.

At the annual meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on Monday night, Professor C. C. Babington retired from the presidency and Professor Maxwell was elected to succeed him.

Mr. W. B. Close, the president of the University Boat-Club, had the first trial eight out for this season on Monday afternoon.

The following gentlemen have been elected to Scholarships and Exhibitions at St. David's College, Lampeter:—Senior—£40, Thomas Thomas; £35, Arthur Barrett; £30, augmented to £35, J. L. Clough, esq.; £30, Hugh Jones; £30, H. M. Williams. Philips—£24, T. Taylor Evans; £24, David Davis. New Scholarship—£20, R. W. Christie; £20, Evan Evans. Simonburn—£16, Thomas Rees. Wannifoo—£12, T. C. Evans. Thomas Haines, proxime accessit.

On the 16th instant the past and present students of the Durham Diocesan Training' College for Schoolmasters presented a handsome clock to William Powley, Esq., their late vice-principal, who has recently resigned the office he held in the college for more than twelve years. The Rev. G. B. Smith, the principal, presided, and the presentation was made by the Ven. the Archdeacon of Northumberland, a member of the governing body. Both gentlemen spoke in the highest terms of the manner in which Mr. Powley had discharged the duties of his office, and bore witness to the earnestness and kind-heartedness which endeared him alike to colleagues and pupils.

Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire, which was erected by the Scottish Episcopal Church for the education of sons of families belonging to the Church, and also for the training of those studying for the ministry, suffered on Tuesday night from a disastrous fire. One wing of the beautiful building, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, was completely gutted.

Mr. John van Someren Pope, M.A., late scholar of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and Principal of the Government High School, Mysore, has been appointed Principal of the High School, Baroda.

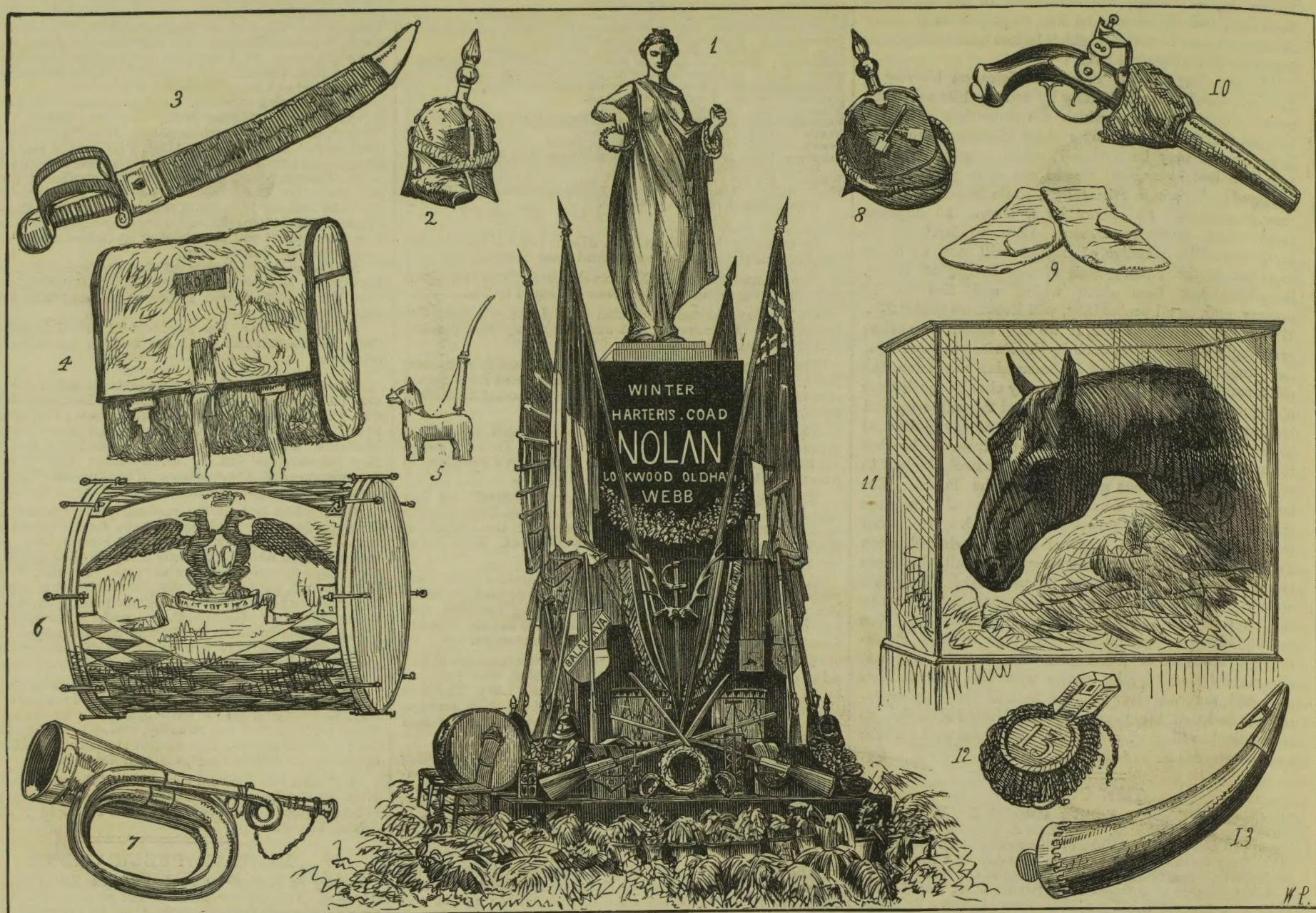
#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"History of Music," by Frederic Louis Ritter (Reeves and Turner). This volume treats of the progress of the art from the Christian era to the present time, and consists of a series of eleven lectures, which were originally delivered by the author, who is settled in America, where he is Professor, at Vassar College. Herr Ritter is evidently a cultivated musician, and a thoughtful and educated man in other respects; and his views and opinions are worthy of consideration and attention, even if they should occasionally differ from those of the reader. The first lecture treats of the Gregorian chant, the Folk-song, and Troubadour-song, and the invention of harmony, from the Christian era to the latter part of the fourteenth century; the second lecture deals with the old Flemish, German, English, Italian, and Spanish schools (the great epoch of Catholic church music and the madrigal), from the latter part of the fourteenth century to the death of Palestrina; the third lecture is occupied with the oratorio, including the Passion, the Mystery and Miracle plays, and Protestant church music, from the twelfth century to the death of Schumann; lecture four traces the history of the opera from its first invention in Italy to the death of Gluck; and the following lecture is devoted to the development of instrumental music from the sixteenth century to Haydn. In lecture the sixth Catholic church music is traced from the death of Palestrina to our own time; the subjects of the two succeeding lectures being the rise of the comic opera and the development of opera generally, from Mozart to Wagner. Lectures nine and ten treat of instrumental music in the epochs of Carl Philip, Emanuel Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and in that of some of Beethoven's contemporaries and successors up to Liszt, the final lecture giving a review of musical literature. One of the most interesting portions of the work is that which treats of the music and the theories of Richard Wagner. The volume is dedicated to the young artists of America, in which country music has been so widely cultivated of late, and is supplemented with a full catalogue of published works of reference and a general index.

"The Porter of Havre;" opera in three acts, the words adapted from the Italian by John Oxenford, the music by Antonio Cagnoni (Boosey and Co.). This is a cheap and portable edition of the work recently produced by the Carl Rosa opera company at the Princess's Theatre. Having noticed the music on that occasion, we need now merely record its publication in a handy form and at a small price.

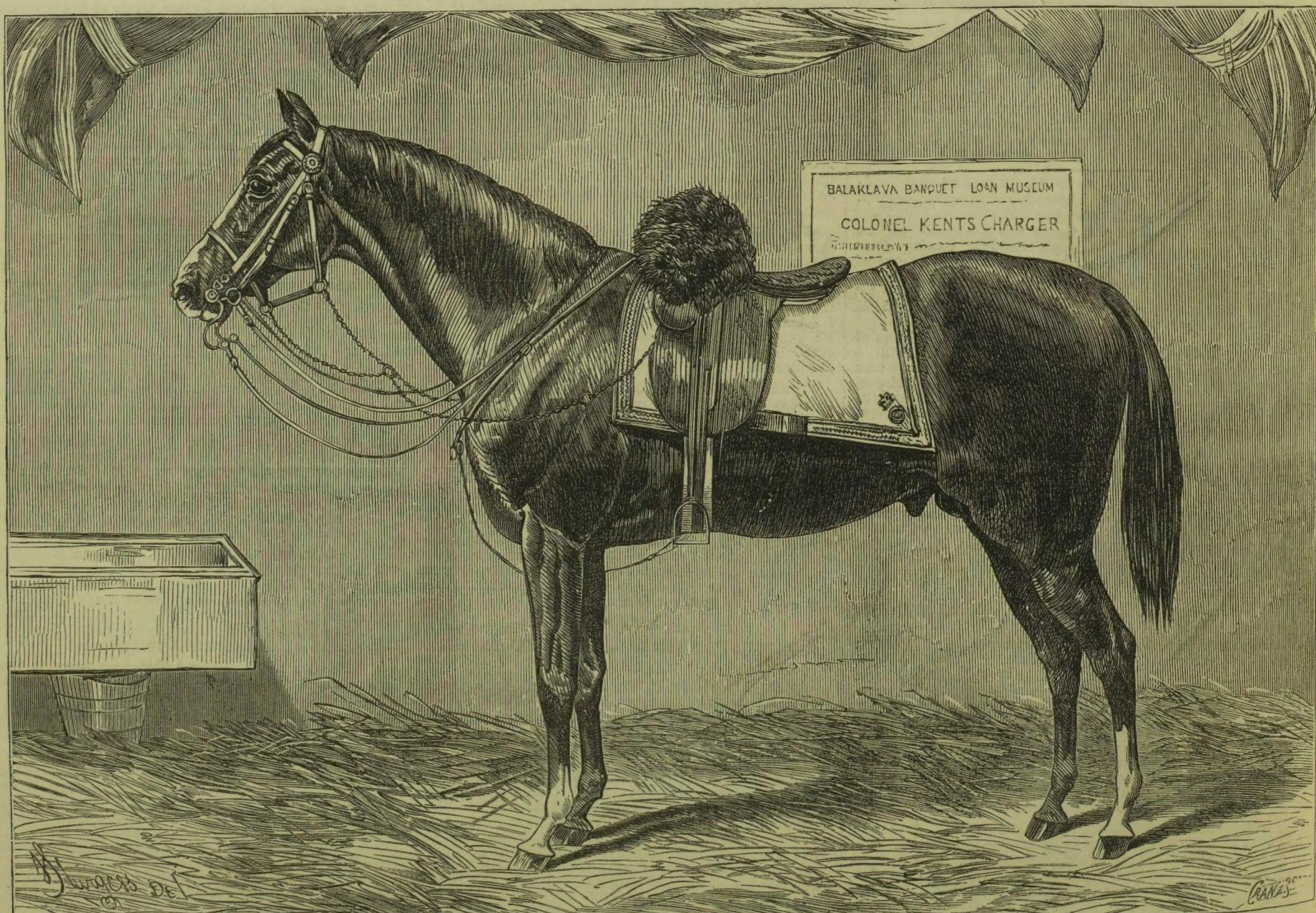
"God's Time is the Best." This is an English version of Bach's sacred cantata "Gottes zeit ist die allerbeste zeit" (the translated text by the Rev. J. Troutbeck), forming one of the very extensive collection of sacred music published in cheap editions by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. This fine work was performed at a recent Crystal Palace concert, on which occasion we spoke of its high musical value.

Messrs. Hammond and Co. (successors to the late M. Julian) have long been known as extensive publishers of dance music. Among their recent publications are some new waltzes by Josef Gungl, entitled "Brautlieder" and "Minnelieder," which are very spirited and melodious. Some other pieces of the same kind, "Les Cloches de Paris" and "Bouquet de Bal," by Georges Lamothe, have similar merits and characteristics. "Mazurka Elegante," par Joseph Schmuck, is a graceful and brilliant pianoforte piece, in dance form, although not intended for dance use. Gustave Lange (whose pianoforte music we have before commended) appears again to advantage in his "L'Hirondelle Blessé" ("Dein Eigen"), is a very pretty piece, in nocturne style, with graceful elaborations, a description which will also apply to M. La nothe's "Chant du Soir." These are also published by Messrs. Hammond and Co., as likewise is an effective fantasia on themes from Wagner's "Lohengrin," by Theodore Oesten.



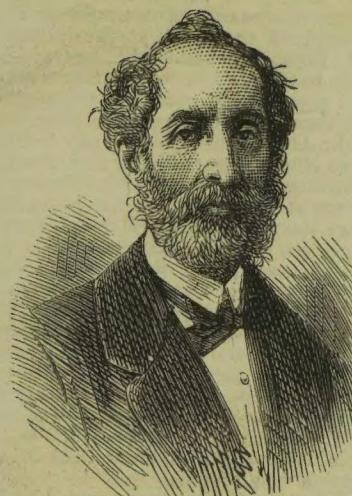
1. Trophy in Central Hall. 3. Pioneer's Sword.  
2. Russian Helmet. 4. Knapsack (Balaclava).  
5. Pipe. 6. Drum. 7. Bugle (Inkerman).  
8. Helmet. 9. Leather Gauntlet.  
10. Horse-pistol (Balaclava). 11. Head of Ronald, Lord Cardigan's horse.  
12. Epaulet (Alma). 13. Powder-horn (Redan).

RELICS AT THE BALACLAVA FESTIVAL.



AN OLD SURVIVOR FROM THE CRIMEA.

T H E      B A L A C L A V A      B A N Q U E T.



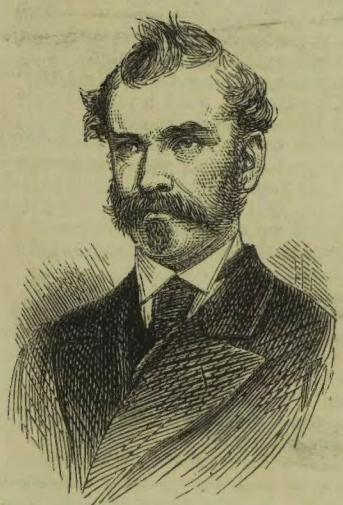
MAJOR-GENERAL DE SALIS, 8TH HUSSARS.



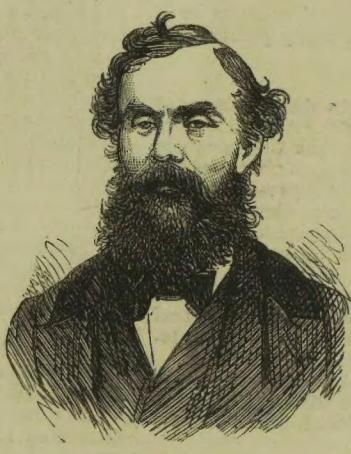
LIEUT.-COLONEL MUSSENDEN, 8TH HUSSARS.



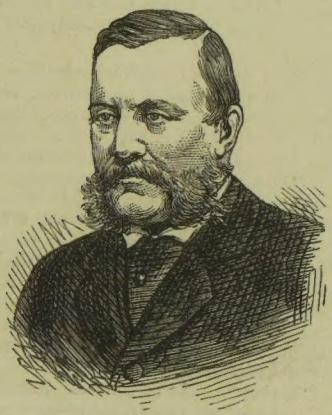
COLONEL SEAGER, 8TH HUSSARS.



E. R. WOODHAM (CHAIRMAN COM.), 17TH LANCERS



CORPORAL CAMPBELL, 13TH HUSSARS.



TRUMPET-MAJOR HARRY JOY, 17TH LANCERS.



SERGEANT LETHBRIDGE, R.H.A.



C. BROWN, 8TH HUSSARS.



SERGEANT-MAJOR W. G. CATTERMOLE, 17TH LANCERS.



T. PERRY, 8TH HUSSARS.



W. BIRD, 8TH HUSSARS.



SERGEANT C. WEATHERLEY, 17TH LANCERS.



SERGEANT G. JOWETT, 11TH HUSSARS.



CORPORAL W. NICHOLSON, 13TH HUSSARS.



SERGEANT JOHN BREESE, 11TH HUSSARS.

SURVIVORS OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY BRIGADE.

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

## FRANCE.

(From our Correspondent in Paris.)

Thursday, Oct. 28.

M. Rouher, whose tour through Corsica has almost assumed the proportions of a triumphal progress, has managed to create a great sensation, not only in that isolated department, but throughout the length and breadth of France. His first speech at Ajaccio, in which he greatly enlarged upon the theme that universal suffrage was emphatically a Bonapartist institution, and sneered at the present Republic as only a Republic in name, was the subject of a special deliberation on the part of the Council of Ministers, who, however, came to the conclusion that it would be better to leave the ex-Premier alone. But some kind of a scapegoat was deemed necessary, and one was found in M. Forcier, the Mayor of Ajaccio, who was ordered to be dismissed from that office for appearing in uniform at a Bonapartist demonstration. The *Echo d'Ajaccio* was also summoned before the tribunals. Nevertheless M. Rouher has continued to pursue the even tenor of his way, visiting Saldene, Corte, Calin, and Bastin, and making speeches at each spot. At the last-named town his reception was very enthusiastic; but, in a final discourse, he seems to have confined himself chiefly to financial and commercial topics, regarded from a politico-economical point of view.

As to the Ministry, it continues to work in perfect harmony, in spite of persistent rumours of impending divisions. A report set afloat to the effect that the voting of the *scrutine de liste* by the Assembly would cause an immediate resignation caused some sensation, since it was taken as an utterance of M. Léon Say; but this little cloud has been satisfactorily cleared away.

Emulous, no doubt, of the success of M. Rouher, M. Raoul Duval has been harping upon a somewhat similar string at Rouen. He, too, denounced such a thing as the existing Conservative Republic as an utter sham, and said that the real struggle lay between the empire and a really Radical Republic. The so-called Conservatives were utterly opposed to French ideas, and could only expect the fate of the Girondins of old. M. Leckroy, a dramatist who believes himself to be a politician, has been speaking at Aix. In that Radical city he wisely sought to excuse the Communists, denounced the Conservatives, and declared himself opposed to the bill for the settlement of the public powers. Meanwhile the municipal elections at Lyons have resulted in the return of Republican candidates; and almost the same result has taken place in the concil-général of the department of the Seine.

Brest Arsenal was the scene of a destructive conflagration on Thursday last. It broke out in the fitting-shops, and raged for about three hours, resulting in damage approximately estimated at upwards of a million francs.

A series of experiments organised by the Committee of the Maritime and Fluvial Exhibition, with a view of testing different life-saving apparatus, took place, on Tuesday, on the Lac d'Enghien. The chief interest centered in a kind of competition between the rocket apparatus used by the English coastguard, under the direction of the Board of Trade, and the mortar designed, with a similar object, by Mr. Banting Rogers. A raft, supposed to represent a ship in distress, was moored out in the lake, and lines were thrown over this. Although the rocket apparatus was remarkably well handled by a picked contingent of coastguardsmen, under Captain Keith Prowse, R.N., the honours of the day were decidedly won by Mr. Rogers, whose projectiles have the great merit of carrying a double line, by means of which safe and continuous communication is at once established with the shore. Lord Lyons and several other distinguished persons were present.

M. Thiers has returned to Paris in capital health and spirits. M. Jules Ferry has been married, by the civil ceremony only, to a Mdile. Kestrer, the daughter of a large Alsatian manufacturer, and has had to run the gauntlet of the Bonapartist and Legitimist organs for thus dispensing with the benediction of the Church. But the real interest amongst Parisians centres in the assault committed by M. Melingu, son of the late celebrated actor, upon M. Gille, a writer in the *Figaro*. M. Melingu attacked M. Gille with a thick stick, inflicting injuries that have since confined his victim to his room, and is now in custody for so doing. But a strong impression prevails that other people whom the *Figaro* so mercilessly assails will seek a similar means of redress, in which case the staff of that lively newspaper would soon be placed hors de combat.

## SPAIN.

Official despatches announce that four villages in Navarre have been captured from the Carlists by the Royal troops. Carlist officers and men in considerable numbers are reported by the official gazette of Madrid to have been captured in the province of Catalonia, while many more have solicited the Royal pardon. A message from Santander reports an attack made by Carlists against Lumbier, Navarre, in which the First Royalist Army repulsed the assailants, with loss to the latter. Reinforcements of men and munitions have been sent by the Government to Irún, in anticipation of an attack upon that place. Twenty Krupp guns have been delivered to the Government.

## ITALY.

A Royal decree has been issued convoking the Parliament for Nov. 15.

A statue which has been erected at Gropello by a national subscription to Adelaide Cairoli, the mother of four sons who died in the Italian war of independence, was uncovered on Sunday. There was a large number of persons present, including members of every party, among them being many members of Parliament.

Garibaldi arrived in Rome, on Tuesday, and was presented with a gold medal by the Town Council.

## GERMANY.

The Emperor William arrived at Berlin from Milan, on Monday afternoon. His Majesty was received at the railway station by the Crown Prince, Prince Charles, Prince Frederick Charles, Burgomaster Dunker, and the chief of the police.

Attending as the representative of the Emperor, who had a slight cold, the Crown Prince of Germany, on Tuesday, presided at the unveiling of a bronze statue of the eminent statesman, Baron von Stein, on Döhnhofplatz. The Prince was accompanied by the Crown Princess, and other members of the Prussian Royal family were present, as well as a large number of Ministers, Generals, Members of the Reichsrath, and descendants of Baron von Stein, amongst the latter being Countess von Kielmannsegge.

On Wednesday the Parliament was opened by Herr Delbrück in the name of the Emperor. The Speech from the Throne expresses satisfaction at the progress of the country and the good relations existing with foreign Powers. Referring to the stagnation in trade, it says that the Government has no power to remedy the evil, which, it adds, is certainly not caused by any want of political security or by fears for the maintenance of peace. In conclusion, reference is made to the reception of the Emperor at Milan, as a proof of the friendship between Italy and Germany, and as a fresh guarantee for

the maintenance of peace. At the conclusion of the speech three enthusiastic cheers were given for the Emperor.

Count Arnim's health is declared by medical men, instructed by the Court which tried him, to be such as to render him unfit to bear any long period of incarceration.

King Louis of Bavaria has declined either to accept the resignation tendered by the present Ministers, or to receive the address voted in the Chamber of Deputies a few days back. The Diet has been prorogued until further notice. The King has ordered his letter to his Premier, in which he expresses full confidence in the present Cabinet, to be printed on placards and posted up in every town of the kingdom.

## RUSSIA.

The Czarewitch and the Czarevna have arrived at St. Petersburg on board the Imperial yacht Dershawa, returning from Copenhagen.

Details of the Russian military expedition to the Atreck have reached St. Petersburg. A perfectly good understanding is reported to have been maintained between the Russians and nomadic tribes of Turcomans they encountered, and by whom they were informed that the Afghan Ischkan, after failing to incite the tribes to revolt against the Russians and Persians, had been killed.

Intelligence of a fresh popular outbreak at Khokand is telegraphed from Tashkend. On the 21st inst. a sudden attack was made by the inhabitants on the palace of the new Khan, Nasr-Eddin, who was obliged to fly for his life, reaching Khodient with only a few followers and destitute of means. General Kaufmann has taken measures for securing the Russian frontier.

A Berlin telegram to the *Morning Post* says that the Russian Government has, in its latest negotiations with the Government of Kashgar, urged the abolition of slavery at as early a period as practicable, and designated the measure as one of the conditions of a lasting understanding between the two countries.

## AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

The Emperor has accepted Baron Wenckheim's resignation of the Presidency of the Hungarian Council of Ministers. M. Tisza, the Minister of the Interior, has been appointed to the vacant post, and Baron Wenckheim retains the office of Minister in immediate attendance upon the Emperor.

It is decreed that the town of Ofen shall cease to be a fortified place, certain buildings and sites being gratuitously given up to the municipality.

## TURKEY.

The Grand Vizier has issued a circular to the Governors of the provinces explaining the functions of the Administrative Councils, and recommending them to see that the members elected really enjoy the confidence of the various classes of the population. In conclusion, the Grand Vizier says:—"Neither the rank, position, nor religion of the members should constitute any difference between them, and no opinion expressed by any member should on such grounds be received with disdain or contempt."

A long circular despatch has been addressed by the Government to its representatives abroad on the subject of the radical and indispensable reforms which the Sublime Porte have decided to put into execution at once throughout the empire.

Cabouli Pasha has been appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and Mahmoud Damat Pasha Minister of Commerce. Artin Effendi has received the grand cordon of the Order of the Iron Cross.

A loan of £40,000, guaranteed on the revenue derivable from the lighthouse dues, has been contracted by the Admiralty to complete payment for the last ironclad built in England.

## GREECE.

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia arrived in Athens on Sunday, and a Reuter's telegram says it is believed that his Imperial Highness will remain there the whole of the winter season.

A new Cabinet has been formed, and is composed as follows:—M. Coumundo uros, President of the Ministry and Minister of the Interior; Condostavlos, Foreign Affairs; Caraisakakis, War; Sotiropulo, Finance; Papazafirooulos, Justice; Milissi, Public Worship; Avierino, Marine.

## CHINA.

Mr. Wade has telegraphed to the Foreign Office the results of the demands recently made by him to the Chinese Government. Before leaving Pekin he required and obtained, amongst other guarantees, an undertaking that a mission should be sent to England with a letter of apology for the Yunnan outrage, and a safe passage to the frontier of Burmah and across it for the mission of inquiry to be sent to Yunnan.

Mr. Grosvenor and Mr. Baber, the British members of the Commission of Inquiry into Mr. Margary's murder, accompanied by Mr. Davenport, have started on their journey to Yunnan.

Confirmation of the report that a large quantity of Martini-Henry ammunition for the Chinese Government had been landed at Shanghai from the Gordon Castle, an English ship, has been telegraphed from Hong-Kong.

## AUSTRALIA.

The New Ministry for Victoria is composed as follows:—The Hon. Mr. McCulloch, Premier and Treasurer; Mr. Macpherson, Chief Secretary; Mr. Kerferd, Attorney-General; Mr. Madden, Chief Justice; Mr. Ramsay, Education; Mr. M'Lellan, Minister of Mines; Mr. Anderson, Commissioner of Customs; Mr. Jones, Commissioner of Railways.

A telegram, dated the 18th inst., has been received from Adelaide, by the Agent-General for South Australia, announcing that Port Darwin has been declared a free port, that the Intercolonial Free Trade Act has been passed, and also a new Education Act. A sum of £118,000 has been voted for free emigration.

The Governor-General of Canada has returned to Ottawa, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

The Waikato and the British Empire, with emigrants for the Government of New Zealand, have arrived at their destination.

The Stonewall Jackson statue, presented to Virginia by Englishmen, was unveiled at Richmond on Tuesday with much pomp. His widow and only child decorated the statue after the unveiling, amid great enthusiasm.

The experts appointed to make a survey of the wreck of the Ville de Bilbao have given it as their opinion that the salvage cannot and ought not to be undertaken. It appears that the value of the ship and cargo was about £200,000.

Mr. Froude has returned to Cape Town from the eastern provinces. He considers that the Cape Ministry is generally condemned by the people. The Ministry itself is silent on the subject of the proposed Conference.

Mr. Michael Law, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin, of Gray's Inn and the Norfolk Circuit, has been appointed a Judge in the new Judicial Tribunal constituted in Egypt, and has left England to assume his duties in the Court of Alexandria.

## JOURNEY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The arrival at Athens of the Serapis, with the Prince of Wales on board, was announced in this Paper last week. His Royal Highness arrived at the port of the Piraeus on Monday morning, the 18th. The King went on board to receive his Royal Highness. The Prince on landing was greeted with shouts of welcome from many thousand voices. The Greek and foreign men-of-war in the harbour fired a Royal salute, and all the vessels were decked with flags. At the landing-stage a military band played "God Save the Queen." Many public authorities and a numerous guard of honour were in attendance to receive the Prince, both there and at the railway station. On disembarking his Royal Highness and King George entered a carriage and drove to the station. An immense crowd lined the route, and great popular enthusiasm was displayed. The whole town was decorated with flags. The Prince and the King were met at the Athens railway station by several public functionaries. Loud cheers were raised by the crowd, and the English National Anthem was played. The Prince took his seat in a state carriage at the right of the King, and they drove to the palace through the principal streets, which were densely crowded. His Royal Highness was received at the palace by the Queen of the Hellenes. The Prince, accompanied by his Royal host and hostess, went for a drive on Monday afternoon. His Royal Highness occupied the place of honour by the side of the Queen. In the evening the ancient monuments were brilliantly illuminated, and the whole of the Acropolis was lighted with Bengal fires. The Prince, their Majesties, and the Royal family were present. There was an immense crowd. The King gave a state dinner at night in honour of the Prince of Wales, at which Vice-Admiral Drummond, the Hon. W. Stuart, the British Minister, and Mrs. Stuart, and the members of the British Legation were present.

On Tuesday morning the Prince, accompanied by his suite, went to spend the day at the Royal country seat of Tatoi Carean. After spending the day at the Royal seat, the Prince of Wales returned to Athens, and witnessed a display of fireworks in front of the temple of Jupiter Olympus. The set piece, representing an enormous escutcheon, bearing the arms of his Royal Highness, was received with immense cheering. The fireworks were followed by a state dinner at the palace.

The Prince left Athens at half-past twelve, on Wednesday, to go on board the Serapis, where the Royal family were entertained at luncheon. After entertaining their Majesties the Prince, accompanied by King George, paid a visit of half an hour's duration to Admiral Drummond on board the Hercules. The Prince and King returned to the Serapis at four o'clock. The quays and the various merchant craft were crowded with spectators. At half-past four anchors were weighed, and the Serapis started on her voyage. All the men-of-war fired Royal salutes, and their bands struck up the English anthem. The Osborne and the Greek Royal yacht, with the King and Queen on board, followed the Serapis.

The King conferred the grand cordon of the Order of the Saviour upon the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle Frere, and Lord Suffield; the grade of Grand Commander upon Lord Alfred Paget and General Probyn; and that of Commander upon Mr. Knollys and Dr. Fayrer. Lord Aylesford, Lord Charles Beresford, Captain Williams, and Canon Duckworth have been created officers, and Captain FitzGeorge, Mr. Grey, and Mr. Hall, knights of the Order.

The Prince, having taken leave of the King and Queen of Greece off Hydra, the Osborne and Serapis were illuminated with rockets and bluelights. With a clear sky and lovely moon, they continued the voyage from the Piraeus at ten next day. The sea was calm, and speed was slackened during the night, in order not to arrive at Port Said before the morning.

On Saturday morning the Prince arrived at Port Said, where he was met by the Khedive's three sons—Tewfik Pasha, Hussein Pasha, and Hassan Pasha—and by General Stanton, his Majesty's Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. His Royal Highness left Port Said at ten o'clock and reached Ismailia at five in the afternoon, where a special train awaited the Royal party. His Royal Highness reached Cairo at nine in the evening. A guard of honour was drawn up in the station, and the band played "God Save the Queen" as the train drew up. His Highness the Khedive was on the platform, attended by his Ministers and high officials. He wore the ribbon and cross of a Grand Companion of the Bath. The Khedive advanced to the door of the saloon carriage, and, on the Prince alighting, shook hands with him with great warmth, and expressed the pleasure he felt at receiving him in Egypt. After his Royal Highness had shaken hands with several of the Khedive's suite he passed through the station, and, accompanied by the Khedive, drove in one of the Viceregal carriages to the Ghezireh Palace, which had been specially prepared for his reception.

In virtue of power conferred upon him by her Majesty, his Royal Highness held an investiture of the Star of India on Monday morning. The *Standard* correspondent gives the following account of the ceremony:—There was a grand military display on the occasion, and various musical selections were performed by the bands of the artillery. The Khedive, attended by his three sons, by the Ministers of State, Ismail Pasha, Nubar Pasha, and Cherif Pasha, and by Ratib Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and other high officials, arrived at the Ghezireh Palace at eleven o'clock, and were met by the Prince and his staff at the entrance. Conducted by Sir Bartle Frere and General Stanton, the latter Consul-General for Egypt, Prince Tewfik was presented to his Royal Highness, who, in a short and effective speech, thanked the Khedive in the name of the Queen for the successful efforts he had made for encouraging, promoting, and facilitating commerce and communication between England and our Eastern empire. He acknowledged also the kindness which had been shown to himself and to other members of the Royal family, which, he trusted, would further cement the friendly relations existing between England and Egypt. He then invested Prince Tewfik Pasha with the grand order of the Star of India. The Khedive replied, thanking her Majesty for the honour conferred upon himself and his son, and expressing sympathy with the progress of civilisation and satisfaction at the good relations between Egypt and the British empire and between himself and the Royal family of England. After this the National Anthem was played and a salute was fired. His Royal Highness was afterwards received at luncheon by General Stanton. In the evening he dined at the Pyramids, and saw the great Pyramid illuminated. The party returned in time for a special representation of the French comedy at the Opera House.

The Prince left Egypt on Tuesday. At two o'clock the Khedive visited the Prince, and accompanied him to the station, where the Prince bade a cordial farewell to his Highness. The Prince, Ministers, and a guard of honour, with its band, were present. The special train started at a quarter to three, Mr. Stanton, Nubar Pasha, and other officers accompanying it. At Zagazig iced refreshments were served. The train reached Suez at half-past seven, and the Prince met with a warm reception. The Serapis sailed at half-past eight, all well. The vessels in the harbour were illuminated.

It is now finally announced, we learn by telegram from Bon-

bay, that the Nizam of Hyderabad will be prevented by the state of his health from coming to meet the Prince of Wales at Bombay. The medical advisers of the young Prince have positively pronounced his Highness to be too delicate to undertake so long a journey. The Viceroy, acting on the suggestion of the Resident at Hyderabad, has assented to the Nizam's absence, but has expressed the hope that his Highness will be able to meet the Prince of Wales at Poona. A great many princes and chiefs, including the Guikwar of Baroda, have arrived at Bombay.

The following despatch from her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, dated Aug. 19, giving formal intimation of the intended visit of the Prince of Wales to India, is published in the *Gazette of India*:

My Lord,—I have to convey to you formally the information, which your Excellency has already received by telegraph, that it is the intention of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to visit the dominions of her Majesty in the East. I am assured of the pleasure with which your Excellency will welcome his Royal Highness. Your Excellency will receive in due course intimation of the dates fixed for his Royal Highness's departure from England and arrival in India, and of the numbers of the suite by which he will be attended. Your Excellency, as Viceroy, will represent her Majesty in receiving his Royal Highness with all the honours befitting his exalted rank, and her Majesty's Government feel assured of the earnest and loyal desire of your Excellency, and of all officers under your control, to omit no circumstance which can contribute to his Royal Highness's comfort in visiting, as far as time allows, all that is most interesting in those provinces of the British Empire in the East which are under your control. The sojourn which his Royal Highness purposes to make will only be sufficient to bring before him a small portion of the vast multitudes of various races who live directly under English rule. But he will doubtless have presented to him many of the most eminent officers, civil and military, European and native, who under your Excellency bear rule among them, and he will see some of the most important divisions of that great army to which the defence of the Empire is confided, and in which his Royal Highness now bears the highest rank. His Royal Highness will have the opportunity, which he will highly value, of personally conveying to the chiefs and princes who rule in India under the paramount protection of the Queen of England the assurance of those gracious sentiments which have ever been entertained towards them by his Royal House. Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to mark her sense of the importance and dignity of the occasion by empowering his Royal Highness to hold a special investiture of the Order of the Star of India, of which your Excellency is Grand Master. At this and all other ceremonials, her Majesty's Government feel assured that the supreme authority with which your Excellency is invested as her Majesty's representative will enable you to show how highly you estimate the proof of her Majesty's goodwill and her confidence in the loyalty of her Indian subjects which are afforded by her sanctioning the visit of the Prince to India.—SALISBURY.

#### NEW BOOKS.

The first of the illustrated gift-books for Christmas and the new year, those earliest literary harbingers of approaching winter, begin to make their appearance. One of the most acceptable to purchasers of discrimination and good taste will be Mr. Samuel Read's *Leaves from a Sketchbook*, published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle. Its title is already familiar enough to the readers of the *Illustrated London News*; and will bring to mind, we trust, the pleasantest recollections of many an occasional page of this journal, now and then during the last twelve years occupied by that accomplished Artist with characteristic sketches of the old buildings, whether grand or quaint, the picturesque street views, the remains of proud castles, abbeys, and other imposing structures of the Middle Ages, found in many a famous old town of England and the Continent. These "Pencillings of Travel, at Home and Abroad," to the number of some 130 separate engravings, are now gathered in one handsome volume, exquisitely printed on fine thick paper, and they furnish a great variety of architectural and historical studies. Each group of four or five sketches belonging to one place is accompanied with a brief descriptive chapter or notice. Nearly twenty of the subjects thus treated are in provincial England; among which are Bury St. Edmunds, Norwich, Lincoln, Oxford, Leicester, York, Lancaster, Chester, Salisbury, Exeter, Carisbrooke, St. Anthony (in Cornwall), the Isle of Thanet, and Alnwick; so that they afford plenty of interesting memorials of the history of our country at successive periods under the Roman, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor reigns. Scotland is fairly represented by Edinburgh, Linlithgow, St. Andrew's, Dundee, and Cawdor; after which the Artist carries his sketchbook across the narrow seas to Normandy and to Flanders. He there presents us with equally well-chosen views of Rouen (in the frontispiece), Caen, and Falaise, Dieppe and Abbeville, Antwerp, Ghent, and Brussels, which are places of great historic interest, more especially to Englishmen, from their ancient political and commercial associations with this kingdom. Mr. Read next devotes a share of his tasteful and skilful pencilings to the wonderful old cities of Germany, beginning with the once imperial Frankfort. He dwells with much predilection on the wealth of architectural curiosities and sculptural beauties in Nuremberg, which he has illustrated, by the way, in two or three of his fine pictures of church interiors, well known to connoisseurs in art. Albert Dürer's tomb is shown in a titlepage vignette; Bamberg, with its episcopal palace and baronial castles, Lübeck, with its renown of the Hanse Towns League, and Brunswick, the ancestral home of the present English Royal family; these, with Königsberg and Dantsic, those notable towns of the Baltic eastern shores, one the cradle of the Prussian monarchy, complete his German series. Finally, he takes us with him to Spain, where he shows us Toledo and Valencia. The tourist will be glad to have such means of refreshing the faded impressions of former travel; and to the student of such a book as Hallam's "Middle Ages," or to the reader of Sir Walter Scott's romances and of Shakespeare's historical plays, this Artist with his Sketchbook is the best possible companion. We had, of course, been long since accustomed to recognise the singular merits of his delineations, as well in the smallest and slightest as in the most important works; their remarkable originality, their force and precision of detail—above all, their fidelity and truthfulness, as well as their masterly executive skill. But we had scarcely been prepared to expect that, in a collected publication, these "Leaves of a Sketchbook" would form such a complete and harmonious presentation of the subjects to which they refer—that is to say, of the incidental features of ancient towns in Great Britain and Continental Europe. No general and extensive views of places, or entire representations of cathedrals and other large edifices, are given in the present volume of sketches; but it contains a selection of architectural examples, the details of which are intensely characteristic of their respective ages and nations.

#### MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The series of operatic performances at the Princess's Theatre will end this (Saturday) evening.

The closing week of the brief and successful season has been marked by an event of special interest—the production of an English version of Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées," which was brought out, on Wednesday, under the title of "The Water-Carrier." The opera is one of the masterpieces of the composer, being as admirable in its genial melodious style as his "Médée" is in that of the severe tragic school. A very garbled version of "Les Deux Journées," with important omissions and unimportant interpolations, was produced on the English stage, many years ago, entitled "The Escapes;" and the opera was first worthily presented—in Italian and with the dialogue replaced by recitative—at the Drury-Lane Opera in 1872, when the two principal characters of Constance and Micheli (the water-carrier) were filled respectively by Mdlle. Titien and the late Signor Agnesi.

The plot, although simple, is by no means devoid of interest. Count Armand, whose life is sought by his political enemy, Cardinal Mazarin, is endeavouring to escape from Paris, accompanied by his wife, Constance; and is only enabled to pass the walls of the city by the aid of the faithful water-carrier, Micheli, who conceals him in a water-cask. The original libretto—with one or two small modifications—has been pretty closely followed, and the composer's score, a model of artistic skill, has been respected, by the avoidance of such noisy orchestral additions as are sometimes made in modern performances of classical operas.

The music of "Les Deux Journées" requires considerable appreciative power—on the part of the audience—of what is pure and elevated in style. It is not a singer's opera, neither the heroine nor the hero having a single detached aria for special vocal display. It is, therefore, a hopeful sign that the work met with far greater success on Wednesday than on the previous occasions referred to—indeed, its reception was enthusiastic throughout, the close of each act having been followed by prolonged applause from every part of a crowded theatre.

Mdlle. Torriani, as Constance, sang with much artistic feeling and considerable dramatic power, particularly in the duet with her husband, "Must we be parted;" in the trio with him and Micheli, "Our brave preserver;" the first finale (for solo voices), the quartet (with chorus) in the last act, and in other situations. The cast was very much strengthened by Miss Rose Hersee's acceptance of the part of Marcellina (daughter of Micheli), very important in the concerted music, although of subordinate prominence in the drama; Miss Gaylord's co-operation as Angelina having also been highly serviceable.

The central figure, however, both dramatically and musically, is that of Micheli, the water-carrier, in which character Mr. Santley achieved one of the greatest successes he has yet made. His singing was, as a matter of course, admirable; whether in the calm pathos of the air "Guide Thou my steps" (encored), or in the more demonstrative music in the scenes of anxiety for the safety of the Count, fear at his discovery, and exultation at his release in consequence of the death of his enemy, Cardinal Mazarin. Mr. Santley's acting in these latter situations surpassed any histrionic display that he had yet made, not even excepting his excellent performance as the Porter of Havre. Mr. Lyall, as Antonio (the son of Micheli), gave his Savoyard romance well, and acted and sang throughout with efficiency. Mr. Nordblom was the Count, and the cast included Mr. Aynsley Cook as Daniel (Micheli's father), Mr. Celli and Mr. Ludwig respectively as the Commander and Lieutenant of the soldiers sent in pursuit of the Count, Mr. A. Howell as Semos, &c.

The beautiful overture (so well known in concert performances) was excellently played by the band, as were the orchestral accompaniments, Entr'acts, and March—Mr. Ross's experience and practical skill as a conductor having been an important feature, as it has been throughout the season.

"The Water-Carrier" was to be repeated last (Friday) evening, "Faust" having been announced for Thursday, and the performances are to close to-night (Saturday) with "The Marriage of Figaro."

On Monday Mr. Carl Rosa begins his provincial season at Birmingham. His reappearance in London will be greatly desired by the growing number of those who can estimate the value of performances in which a thoroughly good ensemble is sought and attained.

The last afternoon performance of the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Alexandra Palace took place on Thursday, when "Martha" was given. At the first of the series of Saturday afternoon concerts (beginning this week) Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and a miscellaneous selection will be performed.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert brought forward, for the first time, a work by the late Mr. H. Hugo Pierson, one of several Shakespearean overtures composed by him. On former occasions we have spoken of the unquestionable, but very unequal, merits of his music, as evidenced in his oratorios "Jerusalem" and "Hezekiah," and his overtures to "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet;" and fresh illustration thereof was afforded by his symphonic prologue to "Macbeth," performed on Saturday. This belongs especially to what the Germans call "programme music," being written in illustration of detached passages of the play. As in the composer's other works of the kind, there are occasional flashes of power and many instances of skilful orchestration; but the general effect is that of crude and laboured effort. Beethoven's second symphony, in D, was finely played (in continuation of the intended performance of all his nine works of the kind during the present series of concerts), as was the other orchestral piece, Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon;" and Mr. Charles Hallé gave a refined and finished rendering of the fourth piano-forte concerto of Beethoven—that in G major. Two young ladies (Mdlles. Carlotta and Antonietta Badia) were favourably received on their first appearance, and were encored in one of their two duets; the other vocalist having been Mr. Pearson.

At this week's classical night at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts the first part of the programme was devoted to a selection from the works of Mendelssohn—comprising the Italian symphony, the overture to "Melusine," the "Canzonetta" from the first quartet (played by all the stringed instruments, and encored), the violin concerto finely executed by Herr Wilhelmj; the lied, "Zulieka," sung by Miss José Sherrington, and the air (from "Elijah") "Hear ye, Israel," by Madame Marie Roze-Perkins. Last (Friday) evening was to be a Verdi night.

The Royal Albert Hall is again coming into use for musical purposes, Mr. W. Carter having announced a series of oratorio performances to take place there, the first of which occurred on Thursday, when "Elijah" was given, the principal solo singers having been Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Signor Fabrini, and Mr. Whitney.

This week the Alexandra Palace begins its first series of Saturday afternoon concerts, which seem to be instituted in

rivalry of those that have long gained celebrity at the Crystal Palace.

Miss Mary Fisher—a solo pianist, daughter of the well-known comedian, Mr. David Fisher—announces her first matinée for to-day (Saturday), at Langham Hall.

Mr. Walter Bache, the well-known pianist, will give his fourth annual recital, at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon.

Miss Emily Mott is to give her third evening concert, at St. James's Hall, on Monday; the list of vocalists comprising her own name, and those of Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Blanche Cole, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

One of the specialties of next week will be Mr. Kuhe's evening concert, at St. James's Hall, on Friday; the programme of which includes the pianoforte-playing of the concert-giver and vocal performances by Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists.

Sir Julius Benedict has accepted an invitation to take part in the musical proceedings at the Wrexham National Eisteddfod of 1876. The committee have just completed the first revision of the list of subjects for competition, the amount of prizes to be awarded being £1000.

A meeting of the Hereford committee of the festival of the three choirs of that city, Gloucester, and Worcester was held at the first-named place last week, when the president (Lord Bateman), the chairman (Mr. J. H. Arkwright), and other influential gentlemen of the county attended to consider the steps to be taken in promotion of the festival of 1876, when it will be the turn of Hereford to hold the meeting of the Three Choirs. It was unanimously resolved to hold the festival, as usual, in the autumn, of the old popular character; and the preliminary step to that end was taken, the committee agreeing upon a formal application to the Dean and Chapter of Hereford for the use of the cathedral for the oratorios, as usual. It was at this point, it will be remembered, that the Worcester festival broke down this year, the Dean and Chapter of Worcester refusing the usual concession. No such hindrance, however, is expected here, for the Dean and Canons of Hereford were all of them stewards of the last Hereford festival; and it is hoped they will, in addition to their official approval by granting the use of the cathedral, also undertake the office of stewards, as before.

#### THEATRES.

The Mirror, under the direction of Mr. Horace Wigan, has at length achieved a change of fortune by the production of a new drama deserving of success. It is entitled "All for Her," and is the joint production of Mr. Palgrave Simpson and Mr. Herman C. Merivale. The theme is the power of love, and the aim of the piece is to show and illustrate its unselfishness when really true. The date of the action is 1746, and it opens with a tavern by the Thames, where Hugh Trevor (Mr. John Clayton) meets with a Government spy named Radford (Mr. H. Wigan). From him he learns that his brother, Lord Edendale, is liable to be arrested and executed for participation in a treasonable plot, and also that a certificate must exist of the first marriage of the late Lord Edendale, which, if found, would remove the stain of bastardy from himself and restore to him the estates which his younger brother now enjoys. Worse still, Lady Marsden (Miss Rose Coghill), the object of his affection, is also betrothed to his Lordship. The lady is aware of the peril of the latter, and while hastening to warn him of it meets with Hugh, whom she deputes to take to him the message, which he does; but too late, for the soldiers are upon them. Devoted to the lady, for her sake he places himself in his brother's position, and declares himself the guilty party, thereby enabling the latter to escape by the river. In the second act we find his Lordship concealed in the abbey; but he is pursued by soldiers under the command of Colonel Damer (Mr. Ferrand), who here meets with Lady Marsden, and is misled by her in searching for the hiding-place of the fugitive. Radford and Hugh are upon the track; but the latter, for the sake of the lady, prevents the discovery until the removal of his Lordship is accomplished to a safer spot. A pathetic interview takes place between Hugh and his noble mistress, who would redeem him from the habit of drinking into which he has fallen. Meantime, Radford has found the certificate; Hugh obtains it, and, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, burns it, satisfied with the proof of his mother's honour and carelessness of his own interests. In this part of the play there are some powerful incidents and pathetic situations. Lord Edendale, in the third act, is in the power of Radford; but Hugh, from a faithful maiden who loves him, receives papers which, in turn, place Radford at his mercy. Having secured his brother's escape, he takes his place in the prison and at the block, thus completing the sacrifice implied in the title of "All for Her." Mr. Clayton's acting in the part was in all respects efficient, skilful, and pathetic; as was also that of Miss Rose Coghill. Miss Caroline Hill also, as Mary Rivers, who, in the disguise of a soldier, is so serviceable to Hugh Trevor, acted with feeling and skill. The play is well mounted, the scenery good, and the performance throughout satisfactory. The crowded audience received the whole with well-deserved applause, and the new drama is likely to prove eminently attractive.

Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., has been appointed to one of the three recent vacancies in the Council of India.

Dr. Aquilla Smith, M.R.I.A., professor of materia medica in Trinity College, Dublin, has been re-elected representative of King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, on the general council of medical education and registration in the United Kingdom, this being his eighteenth anniversary.

Another dreadful conflagration is reported from America. On Tuesday morning a fire broke out at Virginia city, Nevada, and in a very short time destroyed the entire business portion of the city. The damage is estimated as already amounting to a million dollars.

A meeting was held in Dundee, last Saturday—the Earl of Strathmore presiding—when it was resolved to erect a memorial to the late Bishop of Brechin, and that it should take the form of an episcopal residence in connection with the see of Brechin, with a private chapel attached, and should also include a suitable memorial in St. Paul's Church, Dundee. It is calculated that a sum of £10,000 will be required to complete the scheme. It was reported that £1300 had already been subscribed, of which the Earl of Glasgow had given £500.

Mr. Brassey, M.P., was present on Monday at the distribution of prizes by Mrs. Brassey to the successful competitors in the Hastings fishermen's regatta. Before the distribution the hon. gentleman addressed the meeting. He announced his intention shortly to address the shipowners and seamen in Liverpool in support of a scheme for establishing a benefit fund for aged seamen. He strongly advised the fishermen of Hastings to form a contingent of the Naval Reserve. The Government would pay them liberally, and arrange their drills in the dull season, and they would earn the gratitude of the town and the country.



THE BALACLAVA CHARGE.—RE-DRAWN BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, A.R.A., FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

I hate the so-called *diner à la Russe*; first, in the interests of truth, because the pretentious repast is not in reality a dinner either cooked or served in the Russian fashion, but was originally a shrewd device of a French *chef* long resident in St. Petersburg, who was ambitious to strike out something new in order to tickle the fancy and the palates of his Imperial or illustrious patrons. I detest the *diner à la Russe* again, because I like to "see my victuals," as the popular saying is, and because the sight of the good things should bring out the very best qualities of the epigrammatists and *raconteurs* round the board. Mr. Abraham Hayward gained his bright renown as a table-talker long before the Russian imposture came in. There are at least one hundred and fifty racy anecdotes extant about gravy. How are you to relate them if there be no dish full of gravy before you? I have heard an alderman tell such stories about turkey and chine—when the viands were present on the table—as would have made the tears run down your cheeks. And, finally, the practice of cutting up "snippets and snappets" of food behind a screen and then thrusting them under the chins of the guests has put an end, first, to the courteous custom of asking a guest what particular portion of a dainty he prefers; next, to the noble old English custom of "pressing" a guest to eat more than is good for him—the very essence of hospitality; and, thirdly, to the artistic and architectonic aspects of cookery. What incitement is there to a Jules Gouffé or an Urbain Dubois to build up a grand *pièce montée*—say a model of the Nelson column in *suprême de volaille*, with the lions in *truffes de Perigord*—when nothing is suffered to decorate the table save fruit, flowers, and engraved glass? The *diner à la Russe* has absolutely killed that truly Imperial dish the *poulet à la Marengo*, which, to be properly enjoyed, must be seen before it is eaten.

Having made this confession of True-Blue Toryism with regard to the service of the table, it will be easy to understand how from the bottom of my heart—or its near neighbour—I rejoice at the intelligence that, on Tuesday last, at the dinner of 450 cottage tenants of Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, the Right Hon. ex-Premier was one of the carvers; and all the family assisted in serving a cold collation. Here are their healths, and all their families; and may they live long and prosper, as Rip van Winkle says. Where be your sneers about "plundering and blundering," your acrid taunts about the Straits of Malacca, now? We all knew that Mr. Gladstone was a very Milo of Crotona at lopping down trees; but it is a new joy to hear that he is as great an adept with the carving-knife as with the woodman's axe. Remember that the carving of joints is essentially a noble art. Montaigne makes mention of the "side-board gentleman" of Cardinal Carafa, who was marvellously skilful, and disserted about his art with the *zeal and gravity of a theologian*.

Nec minimo sane discrimine refert  
Quo gestu leporis, et quo gallina seetur.

And he could "cut up" the Vatican, I have no doubt, as deftly as he could cut up hares and poultry. Mrs. Hannah Wolley, in her "Queen-like Cabinet, or Rare Closet Opened" (ed. 1670), insists that the carver should be above all things a gentleman, and, says Hannah, "he must be very gentle and gallant in his Habit." And does not the Knight's Son in Chaucer "carf before his fader at the table."

Poor old Mrs. Black, née Teresa Macri, celebrated by Byron as the "Maid of Athens," being dead, on the verge of eighty years of age, there has been a newspaper controversy as to whether sufficient pecuniary sympathy was at any time evinced for her by the British public. A Greek gentleman, writing to the *Times* observes that when the British subscription administered by the late Mr. Finlay—most eruditely of Anglo-Byzantines—was exhausted, the needs of Mrs. Black were very amply cared for by some of the leading members of the Athenian Society, and that this care continued until her death. I am glad that the poor old lady did not die in indigence; but, for my part, with the utmost veneration for the genius of Lord Byron, I cannot help thinking that a little too much sentimentalism was lavished on the "Maid of Athens." Lord Byron saw three pretty girls at an Athenian lodging-house, and to one of them he addressed a set of prettier verses. "The Dean," quoth Stella concerning Dr. Swift, "could write beautifully on a broomstick." So could G. G. N. Lord Byron. There is no proof that he really cared two pence or two drachmas about Teresa Macri, or that he ever corresponded with or revisited her after his flight "to Istamboul." If testimonials had been gotten up to all the young ladies with whom the Noble Childe might have fancied for five minutes that he was in love, the list of candidates would have been lengthier than Leporello's "score" against Don Giovanni—"Mille e tre." Mem: A very graphic account of the Maid is given in the late Mr. N. P. Willis's "Pencillings by the Way." He saw her at Athens about 1833, when she had become middle-aged and stout. I should like to have "interviewed" Joan of Arc under similar circumstances. You know that the Maid of Orleans was never burnt alive, but that she married happily and had many children.

I am glad to commend to general attention an admirably compendious, lucid, and appreciative little book on female education, entitled "Pupil versus Teacher: Letters from a Teacher to a Teacher," which Messrs. Trübner have just published, and the authoress of which is Miss M. Hymans, of Clifton-by-Bristol, the sister of a distinguished Belgian journalist. Miss Hyman's hints as to the teaching and learning of instrumental music seem to me peculiarly valuable. She insists strongly on the necessity of keeping the piano itself closed until "the theory of time and the value and name of every note" have been thoroughly mastered by repeated written exercises on a music-slate. A knowledge of the technical difficulties of music, Mrs. Hymans truly remarks, "form an important element in the study of the art everywhere but in England;" and she considers that for this reason Czerny's "Etudes," which are adopted as exercises in all foreign Conservatoires, have never been surpassed, "because they develop the mechanical part of music to the full." The truth is that in England, although we manufacture excellent pianos, our musical teachers ordinarily forget that the pianoforte is a highly perfected machine—a modern improvement on the old virginals, clavichords, harpsichords, and spinets. A railway engineer, before he is allowed to drive an engine, must possess an accurate practical knowledge of all the parts of the locomotive and of their functions; but, on learning the pianoforte, we begin to "run" the engine without knowing what it is made of, or how it answers its helm.

By-the-way, I see that street pianos and organs are henceforth to be prohibited in the town of Lille (where M. A. Titmarsh was once "in pawn"), "as being inimical to the maintenance of public order and morality." This grim edict comes in strange contrast to the fact that a committee has been formed in Florence for the celebration in the year 1876 of the "centenary" of Signor Cristofori, or Cristofoli, whom

the Florentines assert to have been the "inventor" of the pianoforte. It is true that the modern pianoforte is about a hundred years old; but Cristofori, or Cristofoli (who was a Padovan and not a Tuscan), has no more right to be considered the "inventor" of the instrument than his almost contemporary, Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter, of Hohenstein, in Bohemia. Nobody can tell with certainty who first substituted the hammer which strikes the string for the crow-quill-armed wooden tongue (*spina, spinetta*); but without reviving this vexed point, I seriously hold it to be a question worthy the attention of Mrs. William Grey and Miss Shireff, whether, for a hundred years past, the higher education of women has not been seriously impeded by the excessive amount of time and trouble expended by young ladies on the study of the pianoforte. To the 500 fair correspondents who may feel inclined to hurl catapults, poisoned javelins, epigrams, or music-stools at my head for having dared to propound such a question, I may deferentially observe that I come, on one side, of an ancestrally musical family, that I am personally passionately fond of music, and that my dear mother, fifty years ago, presided at the pianoforte at Velluti's famous academy. For all that, I hold and have always held that half the time spent at the pianoforte by ladies is time wasted. Better to draw, better to model, better—much better, to cook. After the expression of these horribly Philistine sentiments I had best emigrate, I fear, to New Guinea.

"And shall Trelawny die?" I mean, are those wonderfully dingy, ugly, and incommodious old cavalry barracks at Knightsbridge really to be demolished? I ask the question, since it was stated in a morning paper on Wednesday that the building which has so long disfigured the high road to Kensington had manifested such unmistakable symptoms of tumbling down of its own accord that the regiment of horse quartered there were to be forthwith removed to safer quarters. First Commissioner of Works Lord Henry Lennox has, it is stated, a most comprehensive plan ready for improving and beautifying the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, if the brick eyesore now cumbering the thoroughfare can be got rid of; but if the military authorities insist that, for "strategic reasons," the site should continue to be occupied by barracks, it would be at least possible to rebuild them with some regard to architectural handsomeness. The "Gentlemen of the Life Guard" should be lodged like gentlemen.

Alluding to that which I said recently concerning Lord Aberdare's speech at the Brighton Social Science Congress on the diminution of crime, Mr. Boyle Ranken, of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, forwards me the latest report of the society's transactions, and asks me, as a measure of justice, to give recognition to the successful efforts of the association in bringing about those results for the assertion of which Lord Aberdare was so unmercifully and so unintelligently blamed. I very willingly accede to Mr. Boyle Ranken's request. I know his society, and the good it has done very well; and I have tried to do ample justice to both, in "another place," scores of times. But that which I said in this column was personally in vindication of Lord Aberdare. The diminution of crime is not a topic that I could treat *in extenso* in the "Echoes." If I did so you would "skip" my remarks, I am afraid; and even a gossiping *radoteur* does not like to be "skipped."

I welcome very heartily the appearance of the first monthly part of Cassell's "Dictionary of Cookery," which is to be completed in about twenty *livraisons*. Of the making of cookery books there is seemingly no end; but as a rule they are full of blunders of the "encyclopaedic kind"—I mean the errors which the hacks employed to furnish the "padding" for cyclopaedias copy from another, and so perpetuate from generation to generation and from century to century; and not one cookery book in a hundred that I have seen is comprehensively arranged, much less is it fairly indexed. Messrs. Cassell's Dictionary begins excellently well. It is prefaced by a sensibly-written essay on the principles of cookery; and the recipes given—extending over the letters A and B—are appreciatively selected, and should be perfectly comprehensible to the understanding of Jane Cook. The work, when completed, should be a true household treasure. I may be permitted at the same time to hint to Messrs. Cassell's pictorial editor that the two chromolithographs of a leg of mutton in the frontispiece are technically incorrect. They both include the chump end of the loin, and no English butcher who knew his business would cut a *gigot* in such a fashion. For the rest, culinary literature seems to be looking up. Recently we had Mr. J. Cordy Jeafreson's admirable collection of table *ana*; and there is some likelihood, I hear, of Messrs. Chatto and Windus publishing a thoroughly annotated translation into English of Brillat Savarin's "Physiologie du Goût." The only noteworthy translations we as yet possess of this classic are in Americanese, and are full of faults. Were I not the modestest of individuals I might murmur "*Ed anche io son cuoco*," and hint that for a long time I have been employed on the composition of a very big book (*mega kakon*) on the Origins of Cookery. There is no use in the publishers raving for "copy." All in good time. There is a Cook's "Oracle" in Sanskrit which I must compare with a "Gastronomic Regenerator" in Telugu; and I have not quite made up my mind as to whether the first edition of Mrs. Glasse was not published at Quito by order of the Incas of Peru. The Poet's soul must not be vexed—nor the Cook's. G. A. S.

With reference to his inspection of troops at Woolwich, on Saturday last, the Commander-in-Chief has issued a highly-flattering order of the day, in which, while praising the quality of the garrison troops generally, he awards special commendation to the Artillery and to the 77th Regiment.

Mr. M'Kenzie read a paper before a meeting called in Bristol last week to support the expedition which will shortly proceed to North-West Africa for the purpose of endeavouring to open a direct communication with the centre of that continent. It was stated that the cost of the undertaking would be about three millions sterling. The expedition starts at the end of next November.

Dr. Neilson Hancock has published his volume for 1875 of judicial and criminal statistics in Ireland. He states that, in every case, with the exception of drunkenness, a diminution of crime has been manifested for the past four years. Last year there was an increase of ejectments, chiefly for non-payment of rent; and litigation in questions under the Land Act shows no abatement, rather the opposite.

Mr. W. S. Lindsay's important work, "A History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce," is, we are happy to learn from the *Academy*, rapidly approaching completion. The work will be in four volumes, the first two of which have been published, and were reviewed in this Paper; the third and fourth volumes will be ready in January next, and will bring the history of merchant shipping down to the present time. The book, which is illustrated by numerous wood engravings, has a special interest now that the subject of merchant shipping is attracting so much attention.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

Seven meetings are held annually at Newmarket, and the seventh, which began last Monday, is in many respects the great handicap—usually the most exciting mile contest of the year—we have that old-fashioned race, the Criterion Stakes for two-year-olds; the two Nurseries, one of which is run over the Rowley Mile, and is therefore an excellent test of stamina; the Free Handicap Sweepstakes, for some of the crack three-year-olds; the newly instituted Dewhurst Plate, for two-year-olds; the old-established Troy Stakes; the Jockey Club Cup, the last great cup contest of the year; and the Houghton Handicap. Fare here, surely, to satisfy the greatest gluton in racing, even that old devotee of our acquaintance who, when we once assured him, at the end of an exhausting Leger week, that we had had—at least, temporarily—enough of it, responded indignantly, "Enough of it, Sir? I don't understand anyone having enough of racing. Gad! Sir, I could watch it for weeks and never tire." Though the lustre of the Criterion is somewhat dimmed by the Middle Park Plate, it still remains a most important contest, and is hardly ever won by a second-rate animal. It is run over the last and most severe six furlongs of the Cambridgeshire Course, that course than which even the long Ascot hill is not more heart-breaking, so severe is the ascent, so heavy and holding the ground covered with grass as long as that at Chester. The race this year was contested by Farnese, who, for his many previous victories, had to carry a 7lb. penalty; the magnificent and hitherto undefeated Springfield, penalised 2lb.; Algarsyfe, an undersized but neat brother to Camballo, who has won a race or two; an indifferent colt called Pluton, a fair racer called Newport, and last, but by no means least, the great leathering Clanronald, almost in appearance as fine a specimen of the thoroughbred as Springfield or Farnese, but neglected in the calculations of the "plungers" in consequence of two previous appearances, in each of which he had sustained unequivocal defeat. The race was run at high pressure throughout, Springfield's jockey, T. Osborne, forcing the pace from the start so as to make his heavy penalty and roaring infirmity tell their tale upon Farnese. In this he was entirely successful, having Lord Falmouth's colt quite beaten 150 yards from home; but, unfortunately, in cutting the throat of Farnese, he had been obliged to concede a certain advantage to his wily namesake, J. Osborne, on Clanronald, who lying at his heels and nursing his horse for a final effort, just managed to win a magnificent race by a head in the last few strides. It was a grand contest, in which the mettle of the racers and the skill and judgment of the riders were tested to the uttermost; and it gives us, personally, great satisfaction to reflect that the victor is a son of our old favourite, Blair Athol, who, with Claremont, Craig Millar, Lady Love, and Clanronald, is fast wiping out the stigma which has hitherto attached to him that he is unable to transmit to his stock his own undoubted stamina. The unhappy gentlemen who not only "plunged" on Springfield, but for the most part also "saved" (?) themselves on Farnese, received a severe lesson on the uncertainty of racing; and, indeed, the whole day was one of disaster for those who trust their fortune to our modern goddess of chance, the thoroughbred.

Of the Cambridgeshire, in popular estimate the race of the meeting, we would that we could write with any of the enthusiasm which we have felt in attempting to describe the Criterion. We must say of it, however, as we said of the Cesarewitch, and even more decidedly, that, viewed as a handicap, it was an utter failure. It was won by a horse called Sutton, who, though a four-year-old, was allowed to creep in at the perfectly ridiculous impost of 5 st. 13 lb., or, in other words, with only 6lb. more upon his back than the minimum weight assigned to a third-class three-year-old. Sutton's record is somewhat as follows:—As a two-year-old he ran very creditably on several occasions—winning, for example, a good race at Stockbridge—and twice running second to that smart filly, Lady Patricia, who as a youngster never knew defeat. As a three-year-old Sutton only appeared once on a racecourse, when he figured disadvantageously. He was, however, a great favourite for the Cambridgeshire of 1874, but fell lame, and did not see the post. This year he is understood to have passed a large portion of his holidays in a veterinary hospital at Portsdown, whence he emerged a few weeks ago with a character for incurable infirmity, which has proved of the highest benefit to his owner, and to all the gentlemen connected with the Findon stable. It will be seen from this statement that Sutton was turned loose in the handicap, as the phrase is, not because he had run like a bad horse, but because the handicapper was persuaded that he was a hopeless cripple, who could never stand the necessary preparation. His information, as the event has proved, was altogether wrong; and we hope that this pernicious system of handicapping horses, not upon their performances but upon hearsay statements of their degeneration, has at last received its death-blow. We understand that a member of the Jockey Club will shortly propose that no four-year-old shall be handicapped in any of the important contests at less than a certain minimum impost. The minimum weight for three-year-olds is 5 st. 7 lb.; and we would suggest that something like 6 st. 10 lb. would be a fair minimum for four-year-olds. Some reform of this sort is clearly necessary, or otherwise handicaps will entirely lose the support of the higher class of sportsmen. What inducement, for example, has Mr. Savile to run his good horse Kaiser, when at Lincoln he has to concede 3 st. to the Gunner, and, at Newmarket, 2 st. 8 lb. to Sutton? Coomassie and Activity, of the heavily-weighted three-year-olds, ran well, and Grey Palmer gained the place for which his owner backed him; but Pageant, owing to his Cesarewitch preparation, has apparently lost his fine turn of speed, and could get no nearer than tenth.

The Amesbury Coursing Meeting was brought off under very unfavourable circumstances, as three days out of the four were hopelessly wet. The stake for bitch puppies was divided between Jollity and Miss Max, wisely, we think, for there can be little if anything between them in point of merit, and young animals should never be unnecessarily distressed. Mr. T. Quinhampton divided the Dog Puppy Stakes with Quaco and Quidnunc; and Mr. C. Morgan took the All Aged Stakes with Malimba.

The second autumn meeting of the London Athletic Club, last Saturday, was spoilt in a great measure by wet weather, which prevented many ladies from attending and considerably thinned the fields for most of the races. The Half-Mile Challenge Cup, which was the chief event of the meeting, fell to H. W. Hill, one of the most persevering athletes of the day, who did the distance in the splendid time of 2 min. 25 sec., though the path was under water in many places. L. U. Burt, who was only beaten by five yards, ran exceedingly well; but W. Slade was clearly out of form, though, under any circumstances, he would have succumbed to Hill. H. Venn, the winner of the Walking Race, seems likely to do yeoman service for London, as he covered the full four miles in 30 min. 46 sec.; and F. T. Elborough and J. H. A. Reay ran very well indeed in the 300-Yards Handicap.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY.

The visit of the Emperor-King William to King Victor Emmanuel at Milan has been hailed with equal satisfaction by the friends of Italian and of German nationality. It is regarded as a significant token of the political sympathy and harmony of interests between those two countries, which have succeeded, of late years, in defeating or casting off all foreign intervention in their domestic government, and in establishing their unity, each as a compact and powerful realm. The Emperor of Germany arrived at Milan, the ancient capital of Lombardy, on Monday week, accompanied by Count Moltke, Herr von Bülow, and other Ministers of his Government, but Prince Bismarck was prevented by ill health from undertaking the journey. He was met at the Milan railway station by King Victor Emmanuel and his three sons—namely, the Crown Prince Humbert, Duke of Savoy (who is Prince Amadeo, some time King of Spain), and the Duke of Genoa, Prince Tommaso, who was educated at Harrow by Mr. Matthew Arnold. They all wore uniforms, the King and Crown Prince military, the latter wearing that of a Prussian hussar regiment, and the two younger Princes naval uniforms. General Cialdini and several of the Italian Ministers of State were present, the General having met his Imperial Majesty at the frontier on the railway-line from the Tyrol to Verona. The two Sovereigns embraced each other, and were heartily cheered by an immense crowd of enthusiastic people, while salutes were fired, and the military band which headed the guard of honour played the Prussian National Anthem. The Emperor, accompanied by King Victor Emmanuel, entered the first Royal carriage, while the Royal Princes, Field Marshal Count von Moltke, General Cialdini, and the members of the suite occupied twelve other state carriages. They drove to the palace, where they arrived at a quarter past five o'clock, greeted on their passage by the waving of flags and handkerchiefs, and still more enthusiastic cheering in the streets. Many stands had been erected along the route to afford a view of the procession, and the city was gaily decorated with the Italian and German colours. On his arrival at the palace the Emperor was received by Princess Margherita, the Duchess of Genoa, and their maids of honour. In response to the calls of the crowd outside, the King and the Emperor showed themselves repeatedly on the balcony, and were loudly cheered. Our artist was, by the special favour and courtesy of persons in authority, of General Lombardini and Commendatore Cordero, permitted to make the sketch we give this week—that of the scene within the Royal palace, when Princess Margherita greeted the brave old Emperor at the foot of the grand staircase. His Imperial Majesty stayed at Milan till Saturday, and was entertained with great festivities, of which we shall give further illustrations next week. There was a review of Italian troops on the Piazza d'Armi, a great shooting party in the Royal Park of Monza (ten miles from Milan), a state banquet at the Royal Palace, an opera performance at the La Scala Theatre, and a splendid illumination of Milan Cathedral. On Saturday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor left Milan and travelled straight home to Berlin, having much enjoyed his visit to Italy; and he has expressed the most cordial friendship for King Victor Emmanuel and the Italian nation.

## ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN NOVEMBER.

(From the "Illustrated London Almanack.")

The Moon will be near Mars on the 5th, Saturn on the 6th, Jupiter and Mercury on the 26th, and near Venus on the 29th. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter on the 6th at 9.52 in the morning.  
Full Moon " 13th " 9.30 " morning.  
Last Quarter " 20th " 0.37 " morning.  
New Moon " 27th " 11.44 " afternoon.

She is nearest to the Earth on the morning of the 14th, and most distant on the afternoon of the 1st, and again on the afternoon of the 28th.

Mercury is a morning star, rising at 6h. 25m. a.m. on the 1st, or 31m. before the Sun; at 5h. 39m. a.m. on the 6th, or 1h. 25m. before the Sun; at 5h. 20m. a.m. on the 11th, or 1h. 52m. before the Sun; at 5h. 24m. a.m. on the 16th, or 1h. 59m. before the Sun; at 5h. 41m. a.m. on the 21st, or 1h. 49m. before the Sun; at 6h. 2m. a.m. on the 26th, or 1h. 35m. before the Sun; and at 6h. 22m. a.m. on the last day, or 1h. 22m. before the Sun. He is in perihelion on the 5th, stationary among the stars on the 7th, at his greatest western elongation (19 deg. 17 min.) on the 15th, near Jupiter on the 25th, and near the Moon on the 26th.

Venus is an evening star, setting at 4h. 51m. p.m. on the 7th, at 4h. 45m. p.m., on the 17th, and at 4h. 49m. p.m. on the 27th; being 28m., 36m. and 53m. respectively after sunset on these evenings. She is in her descending node on the 9th, and near the Moon on the 29th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 7th 5h. 41m. after the Sun; on the 17th 5h. 56m. after the Sun; on the 27th 6h. 11m. after the Sun (the planet setting on these days at 10h. 4m. p.m., 10h. 5m. p.m., and 10h. 7m. p.m.). He is due south on the 15th at 5h. 37m. p.m.; on the last day at 5h. 19m. p.m. He is near the moon on the 5th, and near Saturn on the 22nd.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 4h. 48m. p.m., or 16m. after sunset; on the 7th the planet and sun set together; and after this time to the end of the year he sets in daylight. On the 4th he rises with the Sun; on the 7th at

6h. 51m. a.m., or 14m. before sunrise; increasing to 1h. by the 17th, and to 1h. 43m. by the 27th. He is due south on the 15th at 11h. 12m. a.m. He is near the Sun on the 4th, and near the Moon on the 26th.

Saturn is an evening star, setting on the 7th at 11h. 2m. p.m., on the 17th at 10h. 25m. p.m., and on the 27th at 9h. 48m. p.m. He is due south on the 15th at 5h. 53m. p.m.; on the last day at 4h. 57m. p.m. He is near the Moon on the 6th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 12th.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

Last week 2222 births and 1563 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 99 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 118 the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 34 from measles, 127 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 47 from whooping-cough, 26 from different forms of fever, 41 from diarrhoea, and not one from smallpox; thus to the seven principal diseases of the zymotic class 286 deaths were referred, against 350, 327, and 299 in the three preceding weeks.

An address, descriptive of the commercial and political condition of Turkey, was delivered by Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., on Wednesday evening at the Co-operative Institute, Castle-street, Oxford-street.

At a meeting of the Society of British Artists it was announced that Sir Francis Grant (President of the Royal Academy), Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., and Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., had joined the society as honorary members.

The Lord Mayor presided on Tuesday over the final meeting of the executive committee of the fund for the relief of the distress caused by the French inundations. The total amount of the subscriptions was £26,497, of which a balance of £716 remaining in hand was ordered to be sent to Madame MacMahon for distribution by the local committees.

Mr. John Holms, M.P., was presented, yesterday week, with a testimonial by his constituents and friends, in recognition of his political services rendered to the borough of Hackney during the seven years he had represented it in Parliament. The presentation took place at the Guildhall Coffee-House, and was preceded by a dinner, at which a large number of gentlemen, as well as Mrs. and Miss Holms, were present. Amongst the gentlemen present were Mr. G. Gowland (who presided), Mr. Ingram, M.P., Dr. Bithell, Mr. Thomas Baxter, Mr. Edwin Beedell, Mr. George Cable, Mr. Robert King, Mr. J. Branscombe, Mr. Runtz, Mr. Matthew Rose, Mr. M. Young, Mr. Ogan, Mr. Donald Currie, Mr. C. Walker, and Mr. J. Godwin. The testimonial, supplied by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, consisted of a silver centrepiece with a figure representing Legislature on the top, and on the base figures of Liberty and Commerce. On the shields are the arms and dates of Mr. Holms's elections, and on the opposite side the following inscription:—"Presented to J. Holms, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Hackney, by a few friends, in recognition of his gallant and successful defence of the Liberal principles during three contested elections, and in admiration of his public services and private worth, Oct. 22, 1875." The chairman, in proposing the health of Mr. Holms, said he was one of those rare men who made duty the object of their lives and everything subordinate to it. Mr. Holms had made his mark in the House of Commons earlier than most men. He had brought before it the subject of Army reform, and had recently read a paper at the meeting of the Social Science Congress in Brighton, which had been published with diagrams in the *Illustrated London News*, and was well worth the study of those who took an interest in that subject.

On the invitation of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 450 cottage tenants were entertained at dinner on Tuesday in a marquee near Hawarden Castle, the entertainment being intended to give an appropriate welcome to Mr. W. H. Gladstone and his wife on their return from their bridal tour, and to celebrate the marriage of Miss Glynn (Mrs. Douglas Penman). In reply to the toast of the health of himself and wife, Mr. W. E. Gladstone spoke on the agreeable relations which had subsisted for many years between landlord and the tenants on the Hawarden estate. On Wednesday Mr. Gladstone took part at the continuing festivities at Hawarden, and spoke very genially of the kindly relations existing between his family and the people of Hawarden.

Terrible disasters have resulted from the heavy rainfall and gales last week, especially in the northern and midland parts of the kingdom. The worst item of news in relation to the floods which invaded the country between Bedford and Nottingham comes from the latter town, where thirteen persons were drowned. More than 3000 houses were inundated and fifty factories stopped. A large cart driven by two horses, and containing twelve persons, was being driven through the inundated districts near Nottingham, and as it was crossing the corner of a street, a large culvert burst open with such force that the vehicle was upset, and its occupants were thrown into the torrent. There was no help at hand, and nine of the number were drowned. Loss of life is reported from other parts of the country, hundreds of persons have been made homeless, and the loss of property is immense. Several shipwrecks are reported as the result of the gales last week. The boats of the National Life-Boat Institution did good service in saving life.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 4h. 48m. p.m., or 16m. after sunset; on the 7th the planet and sun set together; and after this time to the end of the year he sets in daylight. On the 4th he rises with the Sun; on the 7th at

## THE WAR IN HERZEGOVINA.

This ferocious and hopeless struggle for independence, in one of the misgoverned Slavonic provinces of Turkey, has not made any great progress since our last notice of it. There was severe fighting near Trebinje on Thursday and Friday week, when the Turkish force is said to have been driven off the road between that town and Klek, the Turkish fortress on the Dalmatian seacoast. The leader of the insurgents, whose name is Ljubibratich, has been joined by the bands of the priest Mile and Peko Petrovitch. They made an unsuccessful attack last week on the principal fort of Zubzi. Many thousands of Turkish troops are now collected around Mostar, Nisch, Viddin, and Novibazar. Our Correspondent, M. Charles Yriarte, sends us a sketch of one of the Turkish posts of observation on the Bosnian frontier.

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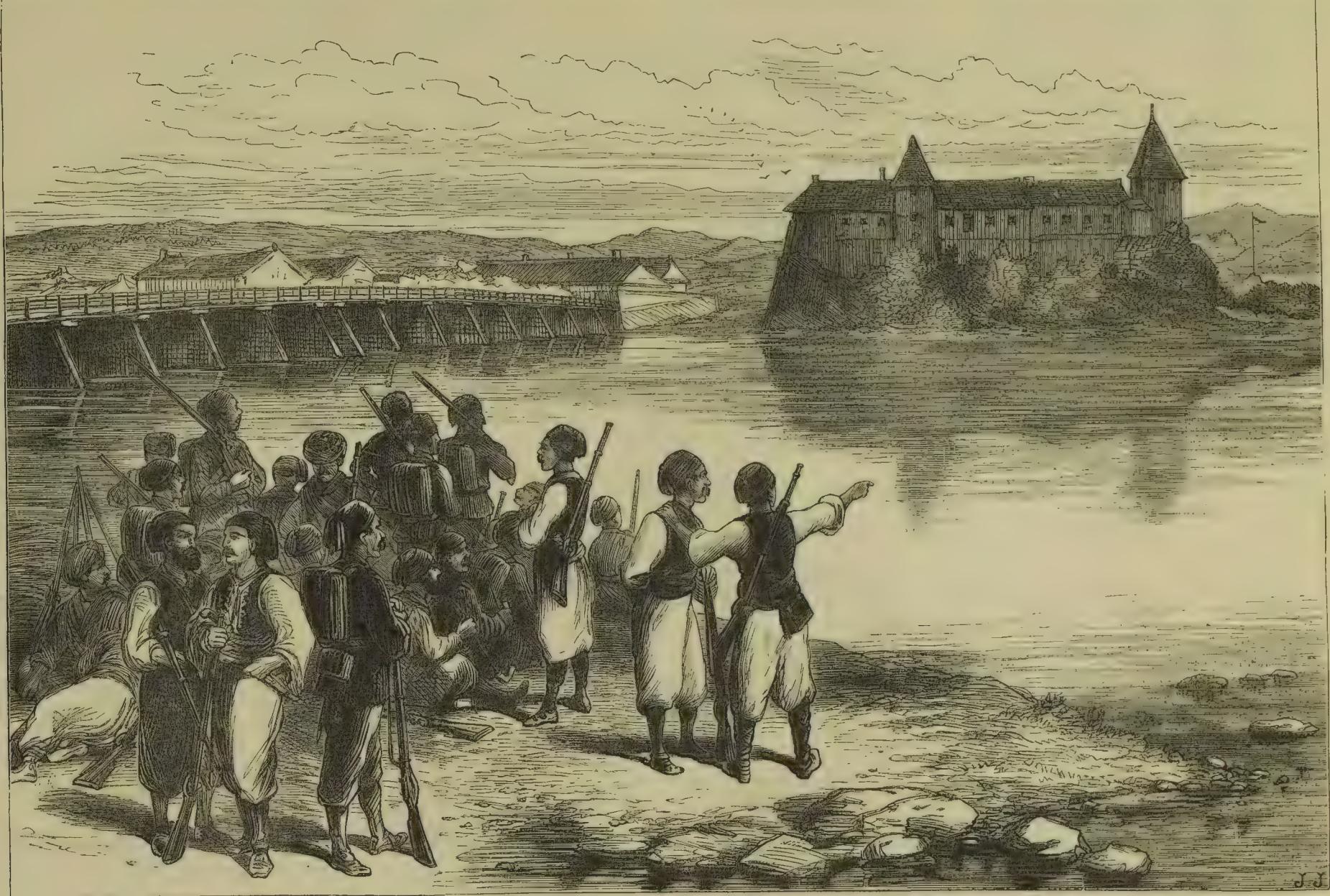


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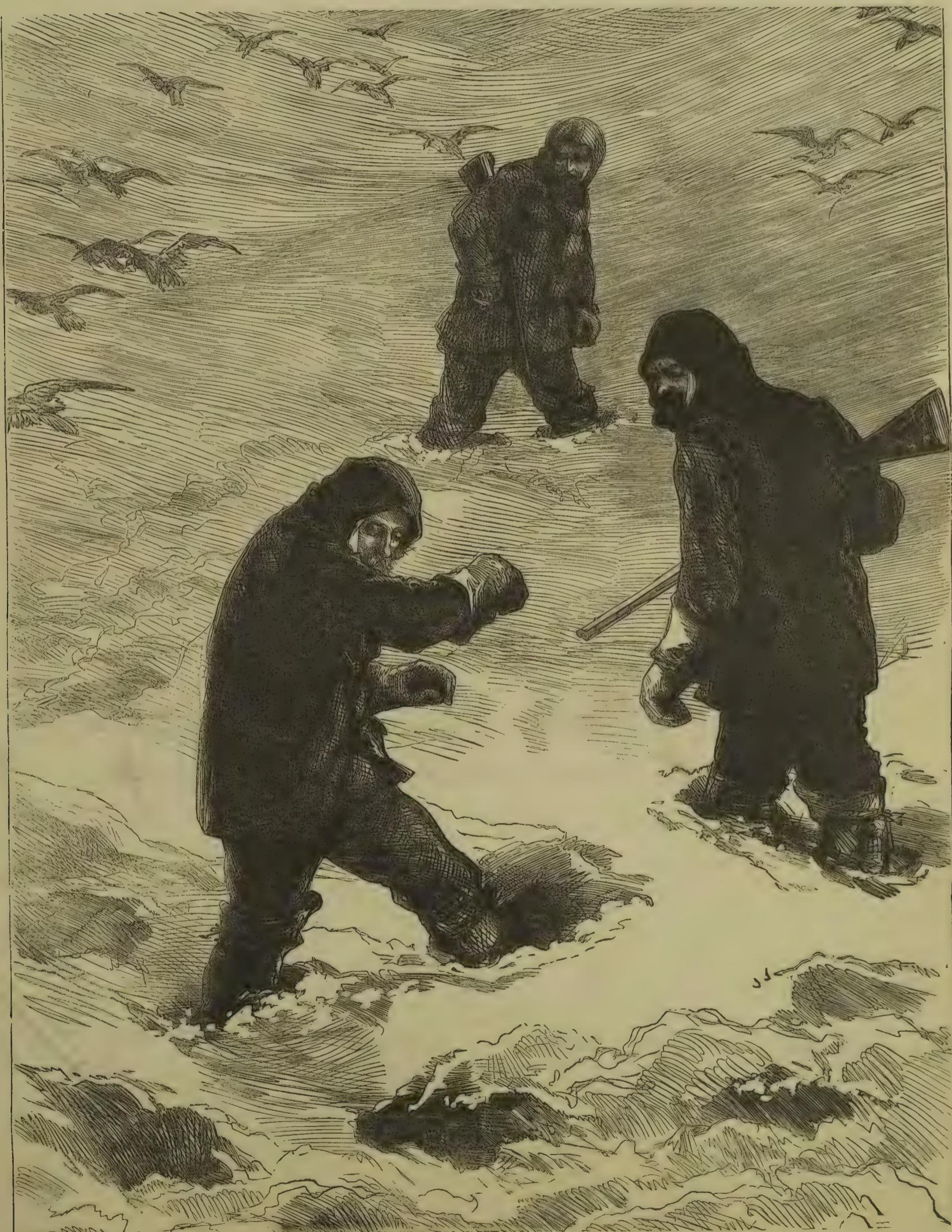
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ARCTIC SKETCHES FROM THE PANDORA: CLIMBING TO THE CAIRN.

## THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Additional sketches of the scenery of the Arctic Regions, some illustrations of which we gave last week, supplied by Mr. de Wilde, the Special Artist on board Captain Allen Young's ship the Pandora, lately returned from a cruise in those icy seas, will be found in this Number. The Pandora, as our readers must remember, was a steam-vessel fitted out jointly by Lady Franklin and Mr. James Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, with Captain Allen Young and Lieutenant Lillingston, to follow H.M.S. Alert and H.M.S. Discovery, the ships of the British Government Polar Discovery Expedition, under Captains Nares and Stephenson, as far northward as possible. She was then to proceed westward, through Lancaster Sound, to the archipelago of Prince Regent's Inlet and Peel Sound, extending from the 90th to the 100th degree of west longitude, and between the 70th and 75th of latitude, where Sir John Franklin is supposed to have been lost. This region, though not very far within the Arctic Circle, is extremely difficult of access, as it must be approached from the north by descending either Prince Regent's Inlet or Peel Sound, in a southerly direction, from Lancaster Sound or from Barrow Strait. The surrounding large islands, called North Devon, North Somerset, Beechey Island, Prince of Wales Island, Boothia Felix, and King William Land, are far more desolate than the Greenland coasts of Baffin's Bay, in the same latitudes. The ice, moreover, brought into those narrow seas, gulfs, and straits by different conflicting currents is apt to be more closely packed and pent up than anywhere else, which has really been the obstacle, in all times of Arctic navigation, to the North-West Passage round the American continent, from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Strait. The magnetic pole, or central point of attraction in terrestrial magnetism, was discovered by Sir John Ross, on the southwest shore of Boothia Felix; and on the opposite shore, that of Victoria Land, Sir John Franklin's surviving comrades landed for their desperate last journey to reach the Great Fish River, in April, 1848. Captain Allen Young, in 1859, was second to the present Sir Leopold M'Clintock in the "Fox" expedition, which explored all those shores, and collected evidence of the fate of Sir John Franklin. The North-West Passage was discovered meanwhile by Sir Robert M'Clure, from Belring Strait, coming through Melville Sound, but its navigation has not yet been found practicable. All this belongs to quite a different chapter of the history of Arctic exploration from that which properly concerns the search for the North Pole, in which Captain Nares and Captain Stephenson, with the Alert and Discovery, are now engaged. Their course is due north from Baffin's Bay, up Melville Bay, Smith Sound, and Kennedy Channel, which has been navigated beyond the 82nd degree of latitude by recent American explorers. The Carey Islands, north of Melville Bay, about latitude 77 deg., longitude 73 deg., are the last place where the Alert and Discovery are known to have been, on July 27, leaving a deposit of letters in a cairn of stones called "the Arctic post-office," to be picked up by the Pandora six weeks later—namely, on Sept. 11—when she returned from Lancaster Sound. She had visited the Carey Islands before entering that passage, but had failed, upon that occasion, to find anything left by Captains Nares and Stephenson.

The secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. Clements R. Markham, has published the following letter received by him from his cousin, Commander A. H. Markham, of H.M.S. Alert:

"Off Cape Dudley Digges, July 25, 1875.

"I think our passage from Upernivik to Cape Yak is quite without precedent. Captain Nares adhered to his original determination of giving up Melville Bay and trying the middle passage. We left Upernivik at eight o'clock last Thursday evening, and the following morning, on account of a dense fog, attempted to anchor in a small bay near the island of Kingitok, and within a mile or two of the settlement, a man in a kayak from that place actually piloting us in; but he was evidently ignorant of the pilotage, for we ran on to a rock and remained immovable for five hours, getting off, however, without any difficulty at high water. The fog having cleared up, we shaped a course due west (true), and at one o'clock yesterday morning made the edge of the pack, into which we went. I never saw such light ice, no thicker than about twelve inches, and very soft and brashy; we could easily have steamed through it. That, however, was quite unnecessary, as the pack was quite loose, with innumerable leads through it. Having beautiful calm weather, we progressed rapidly, both ships steaming full speed; and at eleven o'clock this morning emerged into the North Water, with Capes Yak and Dudley Digges in sight ahead, having been in the pack only thirty hours. It is certainly a wonderful passage. Of course the weather favoured us a good deal, and I have no doubt we should have been able to get through Melville Bay with as much ease. What astonished me was the ice. I do not believe we encountered any of last year's ice, all that we came through having, in my mind, been formed this spring. Then what has become of the heavy ice? It must all have been blown far south by the late prevailing northerly winds. That this indicates an open season for us to the northward I have little doubt. We are all naturally elated at our success so far, and quite count upon reaching 85 deg. without any serious check. In a week's time we ought to be on 'the Threshold of the Unknown Region,' when our real work will commence; hitherto it has all been child's play. I wish you could be with us now. We have sent the Discovery in to Cape Yak to attempt to communicate with the natives there, and, if possible, to induce one of them (Han's brother-in-law) to accompany us. We are steaming on towards Carey Islands, which we shall reach to-morrow forenoon, and where we shall land dépôt A and the whale-boat obtained from the Valorous. I shall have a look for your record, and, if successful in finding it, will send it to you. We shall then go on to Littleton Island, where the Discovery is ordered to rejoin us. I hope we are not going to have an early winter, but all last night and this forenoon 'bay ice' was making, and the temperature of the water was as low as 29 deg. We have, I hope, six good weeks of the navigable season before us, and in that time we may do much. It is indeed lucky our getting into the North Water so easily and so speedily, as we have been able to economise our fuel to a great degree; we shall enter Smith Sound with very little coal out of bunkers. We shall, in all probability, take fifteen or twenty tons from the Discovery when we leave her in her winter quarters, which will quite set us up again. She has only had to steam coming through the ice; up to the edge of the pack we were towing her. If Allen Young doesn't come up to the Carey Islands you will not, of course, get this until next year. I hope that he will come. I wish we could have met him before and got our letters.

"Carey Islands, Monday, July 26.

"A thick fog all day prevented our getting here as soon as I anticipated last night. I send you a very rough tracing of our track through the middle ice. I am too busy preparing Dépôt A for going on shore to make a more elaborate one. The part I painted blue is simply the pack-ice we came through,

where we first entered it, and where we emerged from it. You will see we made good runs, but then at a great sacrifice of fuel, as we were steaming full speed; in fact, we were using over eight tons in twenty-four hours! However, we must not growl, for if we had been detained in the pack we should have used much more. I hope my next letter to you will say that we have achieved a grand and glorious triumph. Everything, including minimum sun spots, points to this year as being the one for Arctic exploration; I hope it may prove so. The temperature of the surface-water rose to-day (Monday) at four p.m. from 34 deg. to 40 deg.! It was also 40 deg. at six and eight p.m. What is the meaning of it? Is there no more ice in our vicinity? I believe we are going straight up Smith Sound without a check.

"Our dépôt, I think, will be established on the easternmost island of this group."

The cairn referred to by Commander Markham was one found by Mr. Clements Markham, then in her Majesty's ship Assistance, which was cruising about the Carey Isles, while waiting for the Intrepid and Pioneer, which ships were at the same time exploring Jones Sound. They found a piece of wood with the date 1827 cut upon it, but no record. Mr. Clements Markham built the cairn several feet higher, and left a record. Curiously enough, Captain Young found this cairn, but the record was missing.

The following is an extract from a private letter from another member of the expedition on board the Alert:

"Off Petowak Glacier, North of the Crimson Cliffs, July 26.

"The long twenty-four-hour days have been full of events since we left Upernivik on Thursday night, 22nd. We steamed in shore amongst the islands under splendid towering cliffs, but at night a fog came on, and on Friday morning we ran on shore, very gently. We improved the occasion by going on the island, and shooting some ducks and gathering eider-duck eggs. (Loom and duck eggs are delicious; we have them boiled, fried, and in omelettes at almost every meal.) We soon heard a gun to tell us to come back, and we found the tide had lifted us safely off. Then we steamed away north-west, hourly expecting to see the pack ice of the dreaded Melville Bay. At last, at eleven a.m. on the 24th, the ice spread all along in front of us, and at 12.45 we saw the great middle pack all along the horizon. 'Full speed ahead.' We were soon in it, all young ice at first, but soon hummocky and heavier floe, but all soft and 'rotten.' It was perfectly calm, and no pen or pencil could describe the beauty of the scene. The flat ice varied in tint, from the most tender pink to a glowing violet, with glorious transparent blues and greens here and there. Sometimes we would charge into a vast piece, split it into fragments, and steam through. The unbroken ice often extended further than we could see on either side of us; but there were often leads, and in the afternoon we got into a grand lane of open water, and went three revolutions a minute. The Discovery occasionally came within speaking range. Every rope and spar was reflected in the mirror-like sea—a sight not easily forgotten. I could hardly leave the deck; it seemed like losing a sight of some pageant.

"When I came up again the first thing I saw was a bear—a fine big fellow—400 yards off, and walking away apparently quietly enough. Captain Markham, May, and I lowered the dingie and were after him on the floe in no time. We often stuck our legs through the soft ice, but to get in altogether was quite impossible, unless we deliberately jumped into open water. On we went, puffing and panting, for the ship had turned out another hunting party of eight or more, and they were coming fast behind us, while Bruin was going just as fast in front. At last, after a run of about 700 yards, we saw him striding along at a walk, but not letting us gain an inch. The edge of the floe was near, and he evidently meant to take the water, so nothing remained for it but a long shot at 300 or 400 yards. We all fired together; but I think none of us touched him, as he dived into the water and left us discomfited. May had no sooner fired than he stepped into a hole and went up to his waist. I helped him out, and then fired a hopeless shot at Bruin's fast disappearing head.

"After much charging ice, and 'hard a port,' 'hard a starboard' work, we safely cleared the middle pack, that had stopped so many, and got to Cape York in the shortest time on record. So here we are now in the North Water, past the crimson cliffs that are not crimson now, though a little of the snow shows pink; past dozens of grand glaciers, and past Cape Dudley Digges, which might be called the orange cliffs, for the towering rocks are bright orange and brick red, with lichens, and patches of sap green tinted moss in the hollows. Every gap is filled with some great glacier stream pouring its fleet of bergs into the smooth sea; and far up beyond the glaciers are great mound-like bosses of snow, smooth and sweeping in culline. At present our prospects are most cheering. Sea-free of ice, except opposite discharging glaciers; magnificent calm summer weather; every one in perfect health and uproarious spirits, and in better time than any expedition before us. Provisions in plenty, our sheep untouched, the first that ever came up here; lots of ducks hanging up in the rigging; barrels of looms' eggs (we had some for lunch to-day, cold boiled, and no plover's eggs could equal their flavour). We are now going into the Carey Islands, and will hand over our letters to the Discovery, which is six miles astern, to be 'cached.' We shall at once make our dépôt of provisions, and go on to Lyttelton Island."

The following is a letter from Dr. Coghlan, the fleet surgeon and senior medical officer of the Arctic expedition:

"Approaching Carey Island, Arctic Regions,

Her Majesty's Ship Alert, July 26, 1875.

"This letter will be left at Carey Island, under a cairn of stones, in a cask, or buried with others, where it may be found by Mr. Allen Young, who may call there, in the Pandora, on his way home, or by some captain of a whaler. It will convey to all loving friends in England, who we know most anxiously are on the look-out for any particle of news from these solitudes, the welcome intelligence that we are all, thank God! well and happy, and the weather beautiful, and still perpetual day. We had a little slight snow to-day, but, generally, the temperature of the air is above freezing point. We are all comfortable, and so far have got on very well indeed, even beyond our expectations. We have got through the 'Middle Pack' of ice—the great dread of navigators—and are now in the north water. If you will look in a map to the westward of Melville Bay and Cape York and Dudley Digges, and a little north, you will see Carey Island. That is the place where we hope soon to place our first dépôt of provisions. Further on we shall place another, on the left-hand side as we go north, and so on, about every sixty miles. Should we lose our ship we can fall back on our dépôts, and so get to Carey Island, where the Government has arranged to send a rescue ship in 1877. So loving friends at home need not be over anxious about us—indeed, if we go on as we have been doing, 'tis quite possible we may find the Pole, or, finding it impossible, after getting a certain distance northward, to reach it, may give up the attempt and return about October, next year. The great middle pack of ice we found quite practicable to wend our way through. We always found lanes of water, small channels amidst the floes

through which we steamed, and in about thirty-four hours did what otherwise we might have been a week in accomplishing; our great object was to get through that, and we did so splendidly. It was a dead calm all through, and therefore the ice did not close in on us; indeed, if it had done so it could not have hurt us, as it was seldom over a foot thick, and our ships are not shells. The captain, with great courage and judgment, took the outside passage; and we did far better, I think, than if we had taken the inner or general one. We may have a sharp struggle with the ice in Smith Sound, but we fear it much less than that through which we have passed. We probably shall be in our winter quarters in about six weeks or so, where we hope to make ourselves jolly and comfortable. We shall endeavour to secure some snug berth and not drift, and on the approach of spring try to reach the Pole by sledges. By the time this reaches you (should it reach you at all) 'tis probable the middle pack will be utterly impassable, and we shall be shut in by the ice; but there is One who will protect us while far away from all we love and the abode of civilised men. We steamed along the coast yesterday evening, and I never saw, amid all my wanderings in every quarter of the globe, such a grand sight—high hills with intervening ravines, filled with huge glaciers, which generally break at the extremity of these valleys, casting off immense icebergs. Numbers of these enormous masses of ice towered above and about us, assuming all shapes and sizes, some most grotesque and fantastic, the eye picturing all sorts of figures, from a man's face to a stately palace or temple, with its minarets and spires. Hundreds of thousands of tons in weight must these icebergs have been, when we reflect that nearly two-thirds of them must be hidden from view below the water, and the glorious sun shining on them made them look most beautiful and full of grandeur; and often have I felt ready to exclaim, 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' 'O ye frosts and snows, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever.' We sang at church yesterday 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' with, I trust, much thankfulness and gladness of heart. This, I fear, will be the last letter that can reach you for twelve months, and though hitherto everything has favoured us, and we trust sincerely may still favour us, and while it is even possible for us to get much further north than any previous navigators, even to the Pole itself, now distant from us 900 miles, we do not conceal from ourselves the fact how much of peril and difficulty lies in that distance; for our troubles and dangers are yet all before us; but, relying on Almighty guidance and strength, we hope to overcome all and accomplish the task which we have undertaken, and return in strength and joy to dear old England and all we love there. Should we not return, we shall die 'doing our duty,' and meet in 'the better land.' But we are all full of hope and in the enjoyment of excellent health. We had a bear-hunt a day or two ago, but Bruin got off most cleverly. Seals and walruses are most abundant in these parts."

The sketches we have engraved for this week's publication represent the Carey Islands, with the cairn erected to protect the "cache," or deposit of letters, humorously called "the Arctic Post-office," the last memorials of the Alert and Discovery at Disco Island, of which full accounts were brought home by the Valorous several weeks ago; the Petowak Glacier, beyond Cape Dudley Digges; Limestone Island, Blaue Bay, Peel Sound, Cape Desolation, and La Roquette Island; to the furthest point down Peel Sound, which was reached by the Pandora—namely, 72 deg. 30 min. N. latitude, ten miles from Bellot Strait, which separates North Somerset from Boothia Felix.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil, dated March 28, 1873, and Dec. 18, 1871, of Mr. John Alves Arbuthnot, late of Coworth Park, Windsor, Berks, and of No. 69, Eaton-square, who died on Aug. 29 last, were proved on the 19th inst. by George Clerk Arbuthnot and Archibald Francis Arbuthnot, the brothers, Hugh Gough Arbuthnot, the nephew, and Charles George Arbuthnot, the son, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £400,000. The testator gives Coworth Park (with the furniture) and all his other property in the counties of Berks and Surrey, subject to his daughters, so long as more than two remain unmarried, having the right to use and occupy the same, to the use of his son William for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in succession in tail; to his second son he gives his house No. 69, Eaton-square, with the furniture, subject to certain privileges of residence given to his unmarried daughters and eldest son; upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his son William, £30,000; upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his son George, £10,000; he makes up the portion of his daughter Anne to £33,000, and of each of his other children to £30,000; and the residue of his property to his sons William and George.

The will and codicil, dated May 2, 1873, and April 8 last, of Sir Frederick Currie, Bart., formerly one of the members of the Council for India, late of No. 78, Addison-road, Kensington, who died on the 10th ult., at St. Leonards-on-Sea, were proved on the 14th inst. by Dame Katharine Maria Currie, the widow, and the Rev. Sir Frederick Larkin Currie, the son, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £18,000. The only persons interested under the will are testator's wife and children.

The will, dated Sept. 9, 1874, of Mr. James Beebe, late of No. 5, Stainton-place, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on the 15th inst. by Miss Fanny Turton Beebe, the daughter, and George Alfred Godwin, the executors, the personal property being sworn under £35,000. The testator bequeaths to the five children of his deceased daughter Henrietta £2000 each; to his nieces, Miss Fanny Turton Soward and Miss Sarah Maria Soward, £500 each; to Mr. Godwin and his present wife £100 each; and the remainder of his property to his said daughter.

The will, with two codicils, dated respectively Jan. 12, 1870; March 1, 1871; and Nov. 21, 1874, of Mr. Adolphus Frederick Slade, formerly of Kemnal Manor House, Chisellhurst, but late of Motcombe House, East Moulsey, who died on Aug. 22 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Henry Preedy Hulme, Ferdinand Slade (the brother), and Adolphus Hulme Slade (the son), the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £70,000. The testator, after giving legacies and annuities to many members of his family and others, leaves to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Amelia Slade, all his household furniture and effects, pecuniary legacies amounting to £1500, and the income of the rest of his property for life; in the event, however, of her marrying again she is to have £1500 per annum only, the residue to be divided between his children.

Mr. Henry Lee, of Manchester, laid the foundation-stone of a Congregational church at Belfast, on Saturday last. The edifice is being built at Clifton Park, Crumley-road, in one of the most populous working-class suburbs. The Rev. W. Graham, chairman of the Irish Congregational Union, presided.

## MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

In the third generation Mr. Samuel Charles Allsopp represents a family which has gained immortality by the production of a beverage which has not only insinuated itself into the affections of Englishmen in every quarter of the globe, but is becoming a favourite even with foreigners. There is no wonder that when a candidate for the Civil Service of India was asked the greatest benefactor of the human race in modern times he unhesitatingly replied, "Allsopp." Two of this famous family of brewers, father and son, are members of the House of Commons, the former representing East Worcestershire and the other East Staffordshire. Neither of them is known as a spinner of Parliamentary yarns, though both are straight-talking Conservatives. Mr. Allsopp, the younger, has lately flashed out with some brilliancy, and has had the courage to measure himself with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and proved himself to be no mean antagonist. He had the advantage of a sympathising audience, for he was presiding over a dinner of licensed victuallers in Manchester, when he delivered a speech which is so studded with the reporting notation of "laughter" that at first sight it might have been taken as one of Sir Wilfrid's own. Very forcible expressions were used towards that temperance missionary, each stronger than the other, till a climax was reached when the member for Carlisle was designated the "Prince of Humbug." Arguments were not wanting to show that all Sir Wilfrid's vaunted progress was a delusion, and that he was going back rather than advancing; and a severe blow was struck at the "Alliance" when it was intimated that the secretary to that body was not himself a total abstainer, and therefore, like a sign-post, he pointed the way but never followed it. Altogether Mr. Allsopp's speech was bold, humorous, and suggestive; and he spoke from an evident consciousness of the security of his own position which is by no means unjustified. By the time the Permissive Bill comes on for consideration next Session this autumnal prolixion will have been forgotten, and Mr. Allsopp will make a hit in the debates if he re-delivers it to a different assembly.

Very recently the vacancy caused in the representation of Blackburn by the death of Mr. Henry Feilden was filled by the election of Mr. Daniel Thwaites, who is no doubt a local celebrity. His opinions are Conservative, and he has already given public testimony to one article of his belief by, on an appropriate occasion, declaring himself, with no uncertain sound, a staunch adherent of the Church just as she is. One of the notable events of the last general election was the ousting of Mr. Guildford Onslow, of Tichborne notoriety, from the representation of the borough of Guildford. In 1869, though a vigorous effort was made to unseat him on petition, he passed that ordeal triumphantly; and some may remember his being borne through the streets of Guildford in an uneasy and dangerous position on the shoulders of two men, who were the centre of a hilariously shouting crowd. In 1874 he was opposed by a relative and namesake of his, Mr. Denzil Onslow, who rode into the representation on the full tide of Conservative reaction, while the late member, who was so esteemed a Liberal that at one time he was designated for the "whip" of that party, was left lamenting, and freer than ever to carry on his ardent crusade in favour of the jury-found Arthur Orton. A day or two ago Mr. Denzil Onslow met his constituents, and from what occurred it may fairly be gathered that the real Conservative party is the licensed victuallers.

Possibly a more confident and easy, assured young member does not trouble the House than Mr. Hopwood, who at the last election, in conjunction with Mr. Pennington, not only replaced Mr. J. B. Smith at Stockport—thus retaining the one Liberal seat which had been held there time out of mind—but sent to the right-about the whilom Conservative member whom Mr. Disraeli, during his famous visit to Manchester, with a slight touch of banter, designated as a model representative of his party—namely, Mr. Tipping. Possessing a rich, powerful voice, and toning down a sort of youthfulness of appearance by a magnificent black beard, Mr. Hopwood last Session, principally in Committee, as it were, gave judgments on disputed points with a decisiveness and a serenity that would have been imposing if it had not been that a little too much rhetorical elaboration gave to them a touch of the ridiculous. He is fearfully and wonderfully Liberal in his views, and he is one of the most devoted followers of Mr. Stansfeld in that great statesman's mission against the Contagious Diseases Acts. The position Mr. Hopwood holds in that mission is to be judged of by the fact that he presided over a meeting at no less a place than Chatham, which consisted chiefly of women. It is to be hoped that he found satisfaction in the union of soul which doubtless prevailed.

On the extreme angle of the Treasury bench there constantly sits a very personable gentleman, who most artistically adjusts his dress to the vicissitudes of this climate. When the day is gloomy, he appears in sombre garments; and when it is bright and warm, he is light-tinted all over, from hat to primrose-coloured gaiters; while after dinner he is invariably endued in the most rigid evening dress. Being only a member of her Majesty's household, he has no other vocation than to be ornamental, and there is no doubt that he addresses himself to this arduous duty with scrupulous perfection. Lord Barrington is Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, and it is part of his service to carry a white wand on state occasions; and when any Royal progress is being made in any building he is bound to walk backwards, be the corridor or the hall ever so lengthy. It will be seen, therefore, that he earns his modest salary in every way that can be expected of him, and is a right loyal nobleman to his Sovereign, and most faithful in his allegiance to his political chief. He is not only a member of Parliament, but a magistrate for Berks; and the other day he distinguished himself by an eloquent diatribe against certain peccant farm-produce purveyors who are periling the reputation of the county by sending bad milk to the London market. It is really charming, the interest he takes in the purity of food for babes; though perhaps his action in the matter may put into the minds of some people that there have been persons who have been impertinently likened to a dish of skinned milk.

Mr. Waddy, one of the members for Barnstaple, though obviously a bustling, not to say slightly fussy, gentleman, has kept tolerably quiet, only now and again giving bits of legal advice gratis on points in bills in Committee. But on one occasion, when Dr. Kenealy was troubling the House, Mr. Waddy burst forth in a strain and with a fierce vigour that were quite astounding. The style was somewhat that of the convention in its exaggerated form, and, whether unconsciously or not, he seemed a living paraphrase of Boanerges, Storm-Heaven, and Habakuk Mucklewraith. Nevertheless, the oration was scathing, and if the member for Stoke could experience such a sensation as shrinking he might well have felt it then. But it is to be feared that he only regarded it as that elocutionary thistledown which he is accustomed to shake off, as he says, "like dew-drops from a lion's mane." Mr. Waddy has been recently addressing his constituents; and, judging from selected specimens of his discourse, it would seem that he fell upon the Government in something of the same spirit and the same language as that in which he dealt with the editor of the *Englishman*.

## EDUCATION.

## THE MARQUIS OF RIFON AT LEEDS.

The lecture session of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society was opened, on Thursday week, by the Marquis of Ripon, who gave an address on the education question. The president of the society (Mr. J. I. Ikin) occupied the chair, and there was an influential attendance. The Marquis of Ripon said that the subject he had selected for his address was that of education in one of its aspects—namely, that which regarded the connection between the central administration and the general education of the country. He could not help believing that there was in the present day a tendency to overload the Government with every kind of function. People were apt to think that if they wanted Government to undertake a new duty they had only to extend our existing departments or add a new department to those already existing. But he thought in this notion, if carried to any great extent, there lurked a considerable element of error. There was a greater danger of overloading the Government as a whole and the individual parts of Government with more work and more duties than could be undertaken, either collectively or in the different departments, than many persons were inclined to think. Departments were, after all, only human institutions; and all individuals and all institutions might very often get into serious difficulty and complication if they undertook more than what it was possible for them adequately and satisfactorily to perform.

Now, the whole work of every Government department had increased enormously during the last twenty or thirty years; and, with the rapidity of action and all the complications of modern life, there could be no doubt whatever that the work would continue to increase more and more. He, therefore, did say there was a real and not a fanciful danger that by throwing additional work upon the Government they would be liable seriously to interfere with the satisfactory discharge of those great and growing functions which must be provided for and adequately discharged by Government before they could turn their attention to matters of less importance. He had for a long time been connected with Government and Government departments; but he nevertheless held the opinion that the less Government interference the country could get on with the better it would be for the people. The experience of many years had shown that the wants of the people in reference to elementary education, notwithstanding the best intentions on the part of private individuals and local bodies, had not been fully and adequately met. It was therefore that the aid of the Government should be called in. Perhaps it would be useful if we were to give a few figures with respect to the sums now spent in this country for primary education, and compare them with those spent some years ago. From a statement extending over the last ten years it appears that in the years 1866-7 the sum spent by the Education Department for the purpose of education in Great Britain was in round numbers £694,000, and that the sum spent mainly, but not entirely, for the purpose of primary education by the Science and Art Department was £101,700. Those sums had so increased that the money voted to the Education Department for 1875-6 was £1,900,000, and to the Science and Art Department for primary education £215,000; so that in ten years the sum voted for one object had about trebled, and the sum voted for the other had about doubled. Now this showed a very great increase of expenditure for primary education in this country. He did not grudge a single penny so spent in the course of the ten years the Education Act had been passed; and all that he would say with reference to that measure was that it was his belief that a great work in the matter of primary education was being done in the country; that it was being done in the manner best suited to the circumstances of our time, and that it was of the highest importance that the work should have free scope for working out the great good involved in the system. They now came to the other branch of education, which might be included under the general term of secondary education, and which so justly occupied a very large amount of public attention at the present time. No one could doubt that an adequate provision for secondary education was an urgent necessity, whether they looked to the quantity or the quality of the education; but, on the other hand, from the point of view which he had been offering, the question of secondary was a very much more complicated one than that of primary education. He, however, thought that the need of Government interference and Government control in the matter of secondary education was less than in that of primary education. The face of the country was covered, through the public spirit of our ancestors, with grammar schools intended for secondary education, provided, for the most part, with adequate endowments. Government action in connection with such institutions as he had named ought to be regulated according to the varying circumstances of each case. He submitted to them that more than two millions of money was now expended upon the great object of primary education; and when they knew that the sum had increased steadily for the last ten years, and when they considered the great urgency for providing for primary education, he thought it was a sound and reasonable thing to say that they ought not to make demand upon the Government for pecuniary assistance except in cases in which it was actually proved that the requirements could not be met from any other source.

## MR. STANSFELD, M.P., AT CROYDON.

Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., on Monday night distributed the prizes to the children attending the board schools at Croydon. The ceremony was held in the public hall, in the presence of a crowded audience, the Rev. Dr. Roberts occupying the chair, supported by Mr. W. Grantham, M.P., the members of the school board, and a number of the leading inhabitants. Mr. Rule, the examiner of the schools, stated that one scholar had obtained a first-class certificate, thirteen carried off second-class, and eight third-class certificates, and this was the first instance of a school board pupil having gained a first class in honours.

Mr. Stansfeld began his address by referring to the difficulty of saying anything new on such a well-worn subject as education. He had read various documents connected with the Croydon School Board explaining the scheme of education initiated by that body, and he thought their system most satisfactory, and far surpassing the requirements of the Revised Code. He was prepared to justify the liberality of the curriculum adopted by the board. The scheme was full of hopeful and courageous aspiration; but there might still be some who thought it more generous than practical. Some might doubt the need and the result of such an ambitious scheme; but, having considered it carefully, he himself regarded it as entirely practical and urgently needed—as one from which they had nothing to fear but everything to hope. He could see no reason why, with time and patience, or, as Abraham Lincoln said, by continually "pegging away," the whole of the essential subjects comprised in the board's scheme should not be taught to all the children of Croydon. They wanted patience and perseverance. They must get the children into the schools as early as possible and keep them regularly there. Some people thought they might have too

much education, or education too good for those who had to rough it in the world. To those he would say that no education which was thorough could do anything but good to any child on earth as far and as high as it was practicable to carry that education. It was only superficial and imperfect education which unsettled the youthful mind and indisposed it for the rough and hard realities of life. Wherever that higher education which he advocated was universal, no sense of inconsistency entered into the mind of any person between the fact of education and the walk in life, however humble, of him who possessed it. That was no mere theory. It was the experience of our own Scotland, as well as of Switzerland and of the greater portion of the German States. There were great needs for an advanced education at this moment. We are (continued Mr. Stansfeld) behind the times. We are beginning to feel keenly the rivalry and competition of other countries, who have stolen marches upon us mainly because they have had earlier and better systems of national education than we had ourselves. We are losing the advantages upon which we have rested secure and supine too long—the advantages of the early discovery and working of coal and iron, and of the introduction of machinery for the purpose of carrying on those manufactures in which until lately we have always kept the lead in the markets of the world. We cannot trust to these old advantages now as we could in former times. We are finding rivals in the economical, educated, and laborious populations of Switzerland and Germany; and if we wish to hold our own, and not to fall in the scale of nations, it is absolutely essential for our national safety that we should, with all our hearts and minds, promote the success of schemes for the education of the people of this country. There is another reason why we should do so. We have enfranchised the householders of our borough towns, and before very long—do not doubt my prophecy, it will not come from one side of the House of Commons alone—before long we shall extend the principle of household suffrage from the boroughs to the counties of this country. And I will ask every man and woman in this room, without the slightest fear as to what the answer will be, is it not necessary that an enfranchised should be an educated people? We have everything to hope from this education. There is, first of all, the moral training of the school, which often among the poor counteracts the evil influences of the home. I am glad to see that domestic economy is included in your curriculum, and I hope that that will be so interpreted as to include instruction as to the laws of health. If you teach the laws of decency and morality as well. I, as the author of the Public Health Act, which first mapped out England into sanitary districts with responsible authorities, naturally place the highest value upon such instruction. Last Session we passed the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Act, from which great things in our larger towns are, and I hope justifiably, expected; but I express to you a very strong conviction when I say that neither the Public Health Act nor the Artisans' Dwellings Act, nor both together, unaided, can ever do as much for the health of this country as would be secured if the whole country were provided with schools through which the juvenile population might be taught hygienic laws and the necessity of obeying them. In conclusion, Mr. Stansfeld expressed his gratitude to the Croydon School Board for the conception they had had the courage to initiate and for the example they had afforded to the country at large, and he adjured the ratepayers of the town to continue to return representatives to the board who would maintain the liberal scheme of education which had been inaugurated:

Mr. Grantham, M.P., subsequently addressed the meeting, and expressed himself in favour of a scheme of compulsory attendance.

Mr. H. C. Lopes, M.P., speaking at a Foresters' gathering at Frome, on Thursday week, said he could not go the length of those who were contending for board schools. He believed the compulsory education of some children meant the difference in those families between mere existence and starvation. Philanthropists had a good sphere for education in the removal of those rookeries where crime, vice, and immorality abounded, and where children were born, not to live, but to die, or pass their existence with their vital powers stinted.

Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, yesterday week distributed the prizes given by private persons to children in the Leicester board schools. In the course of some remarks he referred to the great ease with which children on the Continent learn to read in comparison with English children. This he attributed to the difficulty of understanding the English language, and the mastery of such words as dough, cough, and through. He hoped the time would come when they would see a reform in this question of learning to read, as the present system was a great tax on the children. He believed it might be simplified, and wished for an inquiry on the part of the Government on the subject.

The annual distribution of prizes in connection with the Bromley art and science classes was made last Saturday by Dr. Farr, in the Townhall. A letter was read from Mr. E. H. Scott, who was to have presided, stating that he was willing to purchase consols for £400 in the names of the trustees of the classes, and with the dividend to establish a "Scott Scholarship" for the benefit of the students.

Lord Skelmersdale, speaking at the foundation-stone laying of church schools at Roby, Liverpool, on Saturday, said that he was in favour of such an amendment of the Elementary Education Act as would debar children from being employed in any position until they had passed the first standard adopted in public schools. This would oblige parents to take an interest in educating their children.

On Monday the Chancellor of the Exchequer paid a visit to Ilfracombe, and distributed the prizes to the students in the science and art schools.

Sir Henry Cole distributed the prizes to the Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Institutes, at Manchester, on Monday. Sir Henry hoped to see the time when the principles adopted to promote primary education, by uniting the action of the State with rates and local management and fees from the individual, would be applied to secondary education and to public museums, wherever the locality was willing to do its part.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon opened the new Mission House Ragged and Sunday Schools, Richmond-street, Walworth-road, on Monday. Mr. Spurgeon gave £150 towards their cost.

The Birmingham School Board has decided to add instruction in cookery to the curriculum of their schools for girls.

Mrs. Stokes, the widow of the captain of the *Mistletoe*, has received from the Admiralty £500 as compensation, and has executed the required agreements.

Mr. Robert Smith, chief officer of the *Aurora*, has been presented by the Dublin Local Marine Board with a silver medal and diploma, awarded to him by the French Government for rescuing the crew of the *Bordelais*, in February, 1875.

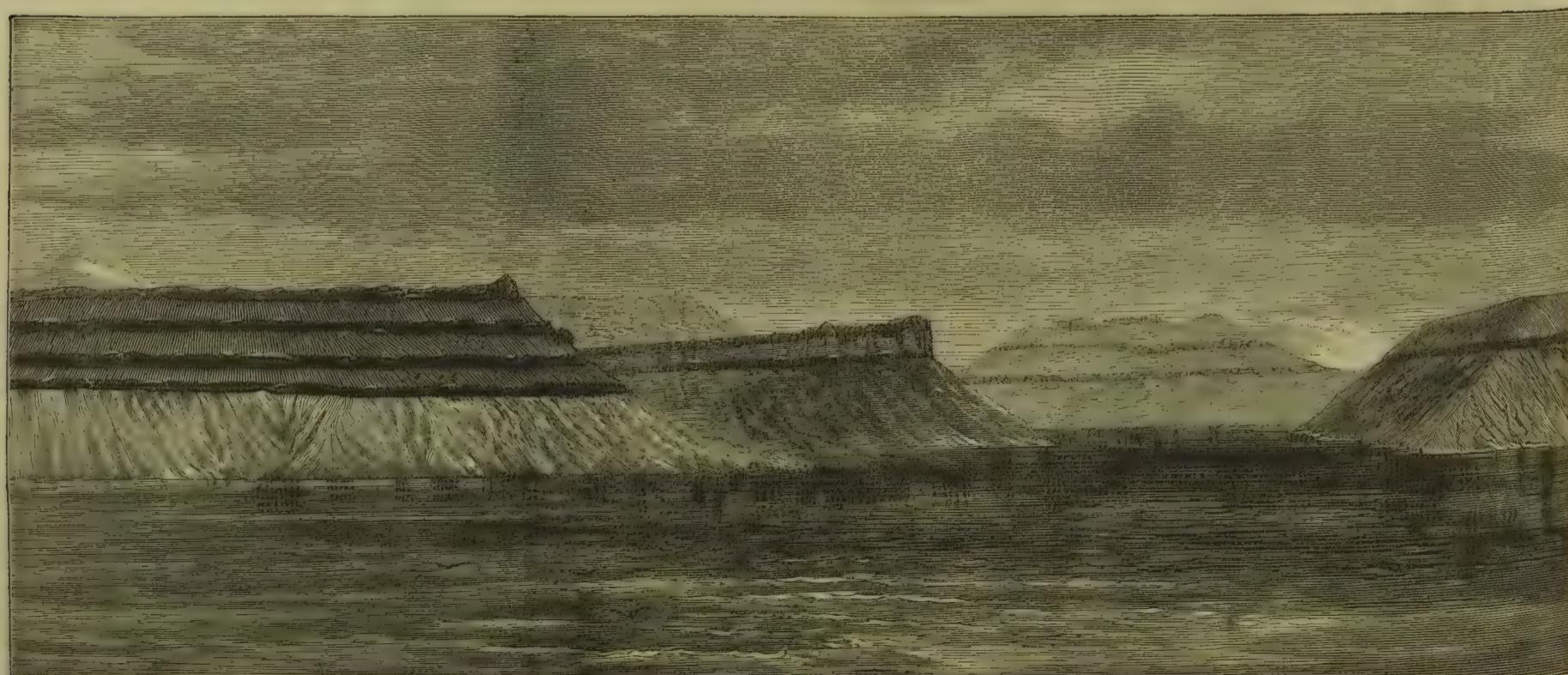
ARCTIC SKETCHES FROM THE PANDORA.



LA ROQUETTE.



CAPE DESOLATION.



NEAR BLANLEY BAY.

ARCTIC SKETCHES FROM THE PANDORA



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION POST-OFFICE.

MEN FROM THE PANDORA FINDING RECORDS OF THE ALERT AND DISCOVERY.

## THE BALACLAVA ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL.

The survivors of the famous charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade at Balaklava were entertained last Monday with a banquet at the Alexandra Palace, upon the twenty-first anniversary of that brilliant military feat, which has been so often made the theme of admiring comment. Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" narrates the action of Oct. 25, 1854, with great force and spirit. It is to be confessed, in the first place, that the whole of this splendid affair was a sad mistake, though glorious in its performance, and that it was not at all designed by Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, to sacrifice the brigade in doing that which such a force of cavalry never did elsewhere, and which could not, in any case, have gained a substantial advantage in the result of the battle. The order sent to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Brigade, was certainly misunderstood. Every spectator, friend or foe, must have felt equally surprised when, as Mr. Kinglake says, this fated advance of the Light Brigade had begun "to disclose its strange purpose—the purpose of making straight for the far-distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces, and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons going down under a doubly flanking fire of round shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then, from the slopes of the Causeway Heights on the one side, and the Fedioukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left with an efficiency every moment increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. Whilst Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by issues of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action. The very goal that had been chosen for our devoted squadrons was the front of that twelve-gun battery, with the main body of Russian cavalry in the rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley. Lord Cardigan chose one of the guns, which he judged to be about the centre of the battery, rode straight at its fire, and made this, from first to last, his sole guiding star. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, as the incessant volleys of shot and shell tore through their ranks, our squadrons moved down the valley. A tendency to force the pace was repressed as a fault by Lord Cardigan; and it was apparent that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will, if the leader for even an instant appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of failing to keep down the pace. The racing spirit had broken out, especially in the first line, some striving to outdo their comrades, some determined not to be passed. In the course of the advance, Lieutenant Maxse, Lord Cardigan's second aide-de-camp, was wounded; and, when the line had come down to within about a hundred yards of the guns, Sir George Wombwell, the extra aide-de-camp, had his horse killed under him. This did not end the part Sir George was destined to take in the battle; but for the moment, of course, it disabled him, and there was no longer any staff officer in the immediate personal following of the General who led the brigade. Lord Cardigan and his first line had come down to within about eighty yards of the mouths of the guns when the battery delivered a fire from so many of its pieces at once as to constitute almost a salvo. Numbers of saddles were emptied, and along its whole length the line of the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers was subjected to the rending disturbance that must needs be created in a body of cavalry by every man who falls slain or wounded, by the sinking or plunging of every horse that is killed or disabled, and, again, by the wild, piteous intrusion of the riderless charger, appalled by his sudden freedom, coming thus in the midst of a battle, and knowing not whither to rush, unless he can rejoin his old troop, and wedge himself into its ranks. It was at this time, in the belief of Lord Cardigan, that, in the 13th Light Dragoons, Captain Oldham, the commander of the regiment, Captain Good, and Cornet Montgomery, and, in the 17th Lancers, Captain Winter and Lieutenant Thomson, were killed; and that Captain Robert White, Captain Webb, and Lieutenant Sir William Gordon were stricken down. The survivors of the first line who remained undismayed were feeble by this time, in numbers scarce more than fifty or sixty; and the object they rode at was a line of twelve guns, close supported by the main body of the Russian cavalry, whilst on their right flank as well as on their left there stood a whole mile's length of hostile array, comprising horse, foot, and artillery. But, by virtue of innate warlike passion—the gift, it would seem, of high Heaven to chosen races of men—the mere half of a hundred, carried straight by a resolute leader, were borne on against the strength of the thousands. The few, in their pride, claimed dominion: rushing clear of the havoc just wrought, they, with Cardigan still untouched at their head, now drove thundering into the smoke which enfolded both the front of the battery and the masses of horsemen behind it." Then following the first line, at a somewhat less rapid pace, came the three regiments acting in support, foremost of them being the 11th Hussars. Next came Lord George Paget's regiment, the 4th Light Dragoons; and lastly the 8th Hussars, less one of its troops. Until Lord George, governed by the exigency of the occasion, but at the same time undesignedly bringing the disposition of the supports to that exact form which his divisional General had intended to order, had aligned himself with the 11th Hussars, the three regiments following the first line were in échelon, the 8th Hussars being last to the right. When this regiment began to encounter the riderless horses dashing back from the first line, the shock created some degree of unsteadiness, which showed itself in a spontaneous increase of speed. All three of the supports were, in fact, subjected to trials from which the first line was exempt. They had to witness the havoc that had been made with their comrades in front. The ground they had to pass over was thickly strewn with men and horses lying prostrate in death, or from wounds altogether disabling. The remnants of that gallant force which stormed and captured the battery could not hold it more than a few minutes, and were obliged to retire, in doing which they were supported and directed to some extent by the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, under the command of Sir James Scarlett. It is significant enough to look at the estimate of killed, wounded, and missing made on the spot, as far as could be ascertained, at two o'clock on Oct. 25, 1854:

	Went into action.	Returned from action.	Loss.
4th Light Dragoons .....	118	33	79
8th Hussars .....	104	38	66
11th Hussars .....	110	25	85
13th Light Dragoons .....	130	61	69
17th Lancers .....	145	35	110

607 198 409

The 4th and 13th regiments of light cavalry are now styled Hussars.

We cannot do better, for the rest, than to reprint the following statements of personal recollections which appeared last week in the *Daily Telegraph*, and which are better than any narratives compiled by writers not present on the field of Balaklava that day:—

Mr. Edward R. Woodham, the chairman of the committee for the celebration, gives the following as his experience of the famous action:—"The Colonel of my regiment, the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), was Sir Roger Palmer, Captain Cresswell being the next in command, but he had died of cholera previous to the battle of Balaklava. Every morning we used to turn out a little before daybreak and stand by our horses' heads in the expectation of an attack from the enemy. On Oct. 25, 1854, when the fatal order was given, we were in support of the Turkish redoubts, being ranged on the plain just behind them. We could not see the Russians advancing, as we were on the brow of the hill; but we saw the Turks driven out of the redoubts and running towards the 93rd Highlanders, who were near to the village of Balaklava. We retired from the position that we had previously held when the Russians captured the redoubts, the French at the time firing over our heads at the enemy. Meanwhile, the Russian cavalry had advanced into the plain fronting Balaklava. We stood watching the Highlanders and the Heavy Brigade drive back the Russians, after which we advanced a little to the top of the valley leading down to the Tchernaya. Suddenly the order came from Lord Raglan, who was on the heights above, for us to advance. I imagined I observed some of the officers protesting against the order. We advanced a short distance at a walking pace. The man next to me was named Wootten, an unsophisticated West-countryman, and when the order was given to move, he says to me, "Ted, old fellow, I know we shall charge." I recollect looking round and replying, "Oh, nonsense! Look at the strength in front of us. We're never going to charge there." Presently we got into a gallop, and then all was excitement. I remember looking at poor Wootten, and saying, "Yes, we're going to charge, and with a vengeance, too." We increased in speed at every stride, and went down the valley at a terrific rate. "Did you see anything more of your comrade?"—No, poor fellow; he was shot down almost instantly, and I had the melancholy duty of reporting his death to his bereaved widow and family. Well, to proceed. The scene that presented itself as we proceeded was indescribable; from all sides the bullets came flying, and many a man had his arm shot off, while our gallant comrades were falling from their horses in all directions. A battery on our right was firing shell, but we were galloping at such a pace that we had time to get away before the shells burst, and of course that, in a great measure, saved many of us from being wounded or killed.

"Did you commence slaughtering the Russian gunners at once?"—Well, as soon as we reached the guns the men began dodging by getting under them, and for a time defended themselves with the rammers; but it was no contest—they had no chance with us, and we cut them down like ninepins. Of course, we captured the battery, and many of our men dismounted to spike the guns. "The cavalry carried spikes, then?"—Oh, yes; each man had spikes in his pouch. All the cavalry regiments were supplied with gun-spikes whenever there was any likelihood of a battle. We had no hammers, but drove the spikes in with the hilt of our swords or our hands—in any way we could. "Did you escape uninjured?"—Providentially I did. At one time, however, I thought it was all up with me. Near to the end of the valley my horse was shot under me, and it fell with my left leg under it, so that I could not move; but happily I was afterwards released. "How was that?"—A corporal of the 13th Light Dragoons rode up and commenced pulling at my horse's head, thinking it was not dead. And so it proved, for the animal gave a bit of a struggle, which I took advantage of, and so regained my feet. All then was smoke and confusion, and all our men that I could see were cutting right and left, and making their way back to camp..

"What did you do without a horse?"—Well, I began running away as hard as I could; when a soldier belonging to the 8th Hussars, who was lying under his horse, shouted to me, "For God's sake, man, don't leave me here!" At this time the firing from the guns was incessant—indeed, it was murderous; still I returned and strove hard to release him, but without effect, the horse being dead. The enemy at this time were coming up the valley and killing the wounded on their march; so I said to the man, "It's no use my stopping here; we shall both be killed." The poor fellow said something in reply, but I don't recollect it now. I then reluctantly left him to his fate, and joined three or four of my comrades who, like myself, had been unhorsed and were trying to escape on foot. To facilitate our retreat we threw away everything that in the least encumbered us; even our "busbies" we pitched on one side; in fact, we retained nothing except our sword-blades, and those we carried for our defence. "Did not the Russians pursue you?"—Well, the enemy, seeing us together, concentrated a heavy fire upon us; and, in order that the gunners might direct their attention to something else, we lay flat down, and they did not pursue us further. Shortly afterwards I espied a riderless horse, belonging to the 17th Lancers, which I succeeded in capturing by seizing hold of its bridle; and, mounting it, I rode at full gallop to the top of the valley, when I handed it over to the regiment to which it belonged. The valley presented a fearful scene at this time. Our poor fellows lay moaning and groaning everywhere, but with the greater number the bullets had told their tale. Those who had escaped were making their way, some on foot and some mounted, with wounded and limping horses, as best they could, to the high road that divided the two armies. All those who were able at once formed, and it was a dreadful sight to see the havoc that had been made. Soon afterwards I met Trumpeter Smith, one of the survivors, whose horse I had to attend to. I asked him where his horse was, when he told me that it had been killed. I replied, "Well, it's not such a bad field, after all; it was the first I was ever in where there was no horse to clean." This was not said as a joke, for I assure you there was nothing to joke about then. We were all too serious, thinking of our poor dead and absent friends.

John Buckton, late sergeant in the 11th Hussars, and now "viewer" in the Government Clothing Stores, Grosvenor-road, Pimlico, says:—"I was a private in the C troop of the 11th Hussars. Colonel Douglas and Captain Peel had charge of the regiment. It is a long time since the morning we made our charge, but I remember it well and painfully. As usual, we had been out since daylight. It was not a particularly cold morning, but it was rather foggy. We had been standing for hours by our horses, when I saw Lord Lucan give a paper to Lord Cardigan.—Did you apprehend its purport?—Well, we could see the guns in position; but we had no idea, that we, the Light Brigade, would be ordered to take them without being supported by infantry. Of course we did not know what to think of it, and of course we got ready to obey. I don't recollect whether we tightened the girths of our horses; I fancy we did not. You know there were six redoubts, three of which the Russians had taken from the Turks. My description of the

locality is that there was a valley, with hills right and left, and at the end of the valley—"The Valley of Death," you know—were the guns which we were ordered to seize. I should tell you that the regiments were arranged at our start in three lines, or rather, I may say, two lines and half a line—that is, two regiments in the first line, two in the second, and one, I think, behind. The valley was not wide enough for us to go in one line. We went off at a trot, and at first we did not see much; but we soon found what we were in for. We saw great numbers of cavalry and infantry at the rear of the guns, whilst on each side of the valley there were skirmishers who, as soon as they could, began to pepper us. I can give you no proper idea of what we did when we reached the Cossacks. Bullets fell thick and heavy amongst us; indeed, it seemed as if every man of us was doomed to destruction. However, we were not idle. We fought desperately, and many a Russian fell to rise no more. Their gunners we cut and hacked in every way, and but very few minutes elapsed before we had captured the guns. My horse was shot near the girth, and so near my leg that my trousers were covered with blood. "Then your horse fell with you?"—No, he kept up bravely, but every now and then I felt he gave a sort of jerk or quiver in his side, and I fully expected I should lose him. He took me back home, though, but he was shot in the camp the next morning. I also got a shot in the cloak rolled on the horse's back in front of me. So you see I was altogether very fortunate. "Were your men in anything like order when you got to the guns?"—Not the slightest; every man was for himself. We were all hizzledy-piggledy, but fighting more like devils than men. We were being cut up in a dreadful way, and we could not stand it. An order was given by one of the Colonels to retire, but I could not say who it was. "Did you see the Polish Lancers?"—Yes, on our way back from the Tchernaya river, whither we had driven the Russians. We saw, as we thought, the 17th Lancers, and we were going to retire under them, but we found that they were the Polish Lancers, who had been stationed to cut our retreat right off. On our way down the valley they had been behind a hill on our left, and now they had emerged and formed a line right in our front. How we got through them I don't exactly know, but certainly I don't think they opened purposely for us to pass. Our poor fellows—the mere handful that were left of them—hurrahd and hallooed as loudly as they could, and that apparently had an effect upon the Polish horsemen, for it was evident their horses had not, like ours, been trained to withstand the noise and din of battle; and when they heard the British "hurrahs" and saw our brave fellows rushing towards them at such a mad pace, they became restless and turned round and about, and before they could form again in any kind of way our men had bobbed through their ranks and were scampering up the hill before them. It was at this moment that the Russian guns reopened fire on friend and foe alike. It was our belief that they thought the Lancers were clear out of the way; but such was not the case, and several of their horsemen fell.

"Did the Lancers use their weapons?"—Some of them pricked with their lances at our men as they passed, but they did not do much harm, owing to the fright and the manner in which our men had surprised them. The Chasseurs d'Afrique came to our assistance after we had passed the Polish Lancers.

"By what were the English wounded?"—Mostly with swords, but the shot did the mischief. It would take a good blow with a sword to kill a man, but a shot does it at once. When we reached the guns we had nothing but the Russian cavalry to contend with, sword to sword; but all the way down the artillery and infantry, especially the latter, had slaughtered us terribly.

"Did the van get much the worst of it?"—No, I think we all shared about alike. Of course, a cannon-ball would not be stopped by the first man it hit.

"What did you do when you did get back—that is, the few of you that were left?"—Well, we shook hands with one another as if we had been away for a long time. Our fellows looked pretty well, I assure you, and their horses were puffing from the gallop up-hill. The chargers, however, did not appear at all frightened, but stood, when formed up, as calmly as ever they did on a field day. I was twenty-three years of age at the time. I served twelve years in the Army, from November, 1848, to November, 1860, and because I joined under what was then called the "New (or twelve year) Act," I have never received a halfpenny of pension. What really happened, in a few words, was this: The Russians shot at us from the right and the left of the valley on our way to take guns from—what we thought—thousands of cavalry at the end of the valley, and they did the same thing on our way back. Try and imagine it.

The following is the statement of William Charles Stanton:—Well, you must know that twenty-one years is a long time to remember the incidents connected with such a memorable charge; but I'll try and recall what I know of the matter. We had done nothing worth speaking about in regard to fighting for some time previous to the day on which the Light Brigade so distinguished themselves. On Oct. 24, 1854, we had been in readiness all the evening, expecting a night attack; for during the day we had heard the guns some distance off. At the dawn of morning we turned in to get breakfast and feed our horses; but before all of us were out of the saddle the guns again began to fire, and we were ordered out directly. Most of us had not time even to get a bit to eat, and the majority of us rode to the guns on empty stomachs. Having formed on the plain, we started, and came over a range of hills near Inkerman Valley, the Heavy Brigade being on the opposite side, about a mile from us—we could not exactly tell the distance—and they had previously repulsed the Russian cavalry. We had no idea at the time that we were about to charge; but it appeared very evident to us soon afterwards, when we saw the Russians. The order came, in the first place, from Lord Raglan, who was at the time so situated that he could not see what effect it would have. When Captain Nolan commanded us to ride for the guns, we were all puzzled, and did not at first understand the order; but Captain Nolan, repointing to the guns, said that we must capture them. We could all very well understand that there was a mistake made somewhere, for every one of us could see how impossible it was for us to attack nearly the whole of the Russian army with only about 600 men. But it was not our place to argue the matter, so we simply obeyed. The Russians had cavalry enough to swallow us all up if they chose. We advanced in three lines. The first line comprised the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers; and at the head rode Lord Cardigan, along with Captains Morris, Webb, Oldham, Good, and Jennings, Sir William Gordon, and Sir George Wombwell. In the second line were the 11th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas and Lord George Paget; while bringing up the rear was the third line, composed of the 8th Hussars, at the head of which rode Lieutenant-Colonel Shewell. The day was fine, and a very favourable one for a battle. As soon as we commenced to move, the enemy, who were on the right and left of us, began to fire, and kept it up during the whole of the ride, while the guns of the Russians in front of us, which we were sent to capture, were also fired. Very soon the shot and shell that were poured in upon us began to have a visible effect on

our number, weakening the lines to an alarming extent. Our lines were literally cut through by the enemy's firing, and I witnessed twelve horses fall at one time by cannon-shot. We had carbines with us, but we never fired a shot—our order was only to capture the guns. There was not much time to think; the command had come upon us suddenly and we were ready to do or die. At every stride saddles were being emptied or horses shot from under the men. Many of the men who had been dismounted or wounded got ridden over; for in the exciting charge this could not be helped. In that fatal ride no description could properly convey the awful sight that was presented. We were galloping as fast as our horses could go to keep in line together, and during the time it took to reach the valley, which was about a mile and a quarter in length, where the guns were stationed, you had not much thought of anything around you. As we rode down the valley I overheard no conversation pass between the men; I believe the officers gave words of command; but in the din and confusion nothing definitely could be heard. The trumpets sounded the charge; and after this the officers' or any one's orders could not be heard unless you were close to them. The only thing was to look before you to see what there was to do. The man who goes into a charge of this sort, you know, cannot tell half what he ought, and could give but a poor description of the scene. Just as we were close to the guns several of our officers got wounded, amongst them being Captain Morris, Sir William Gordon, and Captain Jennings. Sir George Wombwell was taken prisoner, and afterwards escaped. I believe he was in the hands of the Cossacks at the time, but was only a prisoner for a few minutes. He was a young and an active officer—a Lieutenant at that time—and, whilst the Cossacks were otherwise engaged, he managed to get away from them, and caught a horse which was passing near to him, and, mounting it, thus effected his escape. Directly we got to the guns we found that we were a mixed company; but I believe the 8th Hussars kept their line all through. Men were pushing eagerly forward in their anxiety to get to the front. As soon as we reached the guns we killed many gunners, and afterwards attacked the Russian cavalry, who gave way. Some of the Light Brigade pursued them for some distance towards Tchernaya Bridge, but these poor fellows never returned. Of course, those of our men who went after the cavalry were all killed, for they had no chance with nearly the whole of the Russian army, who were behind the guns, upon them. The Russian cavalry did not seem at all inclined to fight; they wondered what on earth we were going to do; and on the following day, when a flag of truce was sent to the enemy by Sir Colin Campbell, they asked what was the matter with the Light Brigade, wanting to know whether they were drunk or mad, or words to that effect, to make such a charge. We held the guns for a time, but were soon ordered to return, or there would have been but few of us left. We retired as best we could, mixing ourselves up in other regiments; and to the noble Chasseurs d'Afrique we owe a good deal, for they charged the Russian Horse Artillery, who were on the left of us as we went down the valley, and drove them away, so that, in returning, we had not to run the risk of their deadly shot. By this means many lives were saved. When we returned from where we started our hearts were almost too full to speak. It was a sad cut-up for us to see so many poor fellows missing, and many anxious inquiries were made after comrades, for there was such a sprinkle of us who had returned.

Thomas Wroots, an inmate of Chelsea Hospital, says:—I was a private in the D troop of the 11th Hussars, under Captain Douglas and Captain Dallas. I was right in the centre of the squadron. Just after we started I got pushed out—that is, me and my mare got pushed out of the line. I cried out, "Let me come up! Let me come up!" Just then the Russians commenced firing, and in half a second there was room enough for an omnibus to come up. The charge was a regular "Derby." I was near a man named Morton at one time. He was wounded in the right arm, and the pain was so great that he shrieked out fearfully. He asked me to undo his sword-knot, so as to pull his sword off and thus get his arm clear; but something, I can't tell exactly what, just then happened, and I had to ride on, for there was death all round. Another man near me was shot in the left side, and I should think he rode fifty yards, then all at once he tumbled to his left and came down on the ground like a lump of clay—just like a lump of clay, that is the only description I can give of it. His charger, like many others, galloped away. These things happened on the way down. There was too much confusion to say what did take place at the guns. You may depend upon it we had to do something, or else not a soul of us ever would have got away. One of the things I remember was that some of the horses without riders held back, some went forward like mad, and some followed us right in. I recollect, in our retreat, hearing Lord George Paget say, "For God's sake, 11th and 4th, do halt and show them a front!"—that is, when they were peppering us from the right and left. Some one said, "There's the Lancers; let us go and form on them, and we will show them a good front!" In place of that, it turned out to be a Polish regiment of lancers. We got near them, but they did not seem to stir. I saw one fellow, however, run up behind one of our sergeants—I think his name was Hudson—and catch him right in the middle of the back with his lance. He was not killed then; the ambulance brought him in afterwards, but he soon died. I saw the Captain of the Lancers quite plain. He said something to his men, and they all turned threes right and took up their places. It was then that their own artillery fired into them. We got past them, and my belief is they took pity on us, and let us pass them without touching us. We were "beauties," being covered with blood, dirt, and grime when we got back again. Every man that Cruikshank, one of our officers, met, he gave a glass of grog to.

Anthony Sheridan, an Irishman, also a Chelsea pensioner, with two medals on his breast, one English and the other Turkish, says:—I fought at Sebastopol, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Alma. I belonged to the E troop of the 8th Hussars, under Colonel Shewell and Captain Lascelles. I went out with the 8th from Portsmouth, and I came back with them. We were under Lord Cardigan, and a pluckier soldier never drew a sword.—"Be good enough to tell me your experience of the charge."—Well, I dare say you know as much about that as I can tell you. However, you must know that we had been expecting something of the kind for several days. On the morning of that memorable day we stood with our horses saddled ready for any emergency. Lord Raglan and his staff were on the hills above us, surveying the Russians with their field-glasses, when they saw, as I supposed, the cowardly Turks leave their guns in the redoubt and run for their lives. There were five guns left, and each was loaded and not spiked when the Russians got up to them. Presently Captain Nolan, riding a horse of the 13th Light Dragoons, came up with a paper from Lord Raglan, and we imagined at once that we were to move. The order was for the First Division to charge on the guns left by the Turks, in order, as I suppose, that we might recover them from the enemy. Captain Nolan's words were, so it was reported, "My Lord, charge on those guns." I know when I heard the order given at first I said, "God forgive me! but every man must do his duty."

Well, we merely trotted at first, but when we came within cannon-shot we put our horses into a canter. Captain Nolan, unfortunately, was killed before we got to the redoubt. The Russians met us with a heavy cannonade. They had fired the five guns left by the Turks, so that when we got to the redoubt we found that it was empty, for the Russians had dismounted the guns and taken them to where their heavy artillery and main body were stationed, a mile further on. My opinion is that when we found the guns had been removed we ought to have stopped; but poor Nolan was not there to explain matters, and somehow or other, the devil being in us, I suppose, for fighting—our officers being all brave men, and I can't blame any of them—we went full gallop at the enemy. It was almost dark, with smoke and fog, and you did not know where you were until you ran against a Cossack. You know your blood soon gets warm when you are fighting, and it didn't take us long to find out that we had nothing to do but to give them a point as good as their cut. I got a cut with a sword on the forehead at the guns. It was not much, but it has left this scar here (pointing to his forehead). I remember it now. It was fearful. We were cut and shot at in all directions, and it was each man for himself. People ask me sometimes if I killed anyone, but I'm not going to tell them, though I gave the Cossacks a great deal more than I got. If those Lancers had hemmed us in, it would have been all up with us. I was in the second line going out, but there were no lines coming in. As we were returning we saw the French on our left, whilst the Guards were coming up from Inkerman. It was a melancholy sight to see our poor fellows lying dead and dying all around us. I saw Lord Fitzgibbon, who was mortally wounded, pull out his purse and offer it to any one of us who would dismount and accept it, as his Lordship did not like it to get into the hands of the Russians; but lord! we did not think of money at such a moment as that. Life and honour were more precious to us than money, so I suppose the Russians got the English gold after all. Our men were heroes indeed. There was not a coward in the whole Brigade. I remember a man of the 17th Lancers riding to the charge in a curious dress. "What was that?"—He was a butcher, and that morning was employed slaughtering cattle for the commissariat. When the order was given he rushed from his work, and said he'd be d— if his regiment was going without him. Attired in a blood-bespattered smock-frock, he ran after and caught a stray horse, and then pulling over his head a red cap, something like those worn by foreign sailors, he took his place in the ranks, and, amidst the laughter and jeers of his comrades, dashed ahead. He was a big, powerful fellow. I have forgotten his name, but he was seen doing good service amongst the Russians, who were evidently puzzled to understand to what corps he belonged.

Robert Grant, another pensioner in Chelsea Hospital, says:—I was a private in the F troop of the 4th Light Dragoons. Lord George Paget was our Colonel, and there was also Captain Portal. I had been out all night with Major Halkett, of the 4th, visiting outlying pickets. There was a mounted picket of the 17th Lancers on a large hill—I think it was called Canrobert's Hill—and we also saw the Turkish sentries who were posted on the road. They told Major Halkett that the Russians were in the valley below, and he reported the fact during the night to the Brigade-Major. When Halkett came in all the camp fires were ordered to be extinguished. The men of the Light Brigade had to turn out early in the morning, or rather to stand to their horses. We had not been allowed to undress on that as on other nights, but had been kept ready for orders. We had oftentimes been turned out for nothing, and that vexed us. "Were the men anxious to get at the enemy, then?"—Yes; it was their general talk and feeling. They wished to have the war decided promptly, and their desire was to get to close quarters as soon as possible. Well, the order came about eleven o'clock in the morning, and we were soon off in a trot. "Did the men express any surprise at such an order being given?"—No; we had every confidence in our Generals and officers. We knew they had a better knowledge of what the Russians were doing than we. They had field-glasses and numbers of spies to give them information, so that we thought the order was given for the best. In the early part a peculiar thing occurred. A shot came over a hill and dropped on the neck of a horse belonging to a man named Gowens. The shot cut the horse's head off as cleanly as if it had been done with a knife. The horse stood for a moment and then dropped. Gowens got on to a spare horse, and in a few minutes afterwards this horse's head was also shot clear away. It was the artillery did this—it played fearful havoc with our horses. "Was not Gowens hurt?"—Not a bit of it. The shot fell eight or nine inches behind the first horse's ears, and it took his head off as clean as a whistle. "Were any orders given to halt at any time when you were going down the valley?"—We halted once for a short time near the road. The Russians saw us. They did not fire, but they were ready for us. They had man-holes—I mean holes in which a man could stand without being seen. We could only see their heads, at the best, and from these holes they fired on us all the way down; and I remember there was also a little trench dug up, with green boughs. We soon saw the full force of the Russians. We got the squadron in quarter-distance, and that is the way we charged. All was confusion at the guns. Some of the men got down to cut the traces, but each man had to fight for his own life. "They were not, I suppose, told off for the purpose?"—No; but every man did as he liked. "Can you remember any incident of the charge?"—Well, something funny took place. I saw two or three old Russians on horses. I don't know what they looked like. They were quite old men. They appeared to be paralysed, and they did not seem pleased and they did not look sorry. They were quiet and still. I put my sword against one of their faces and said, "What do you want here, you old fools?" I would not touch them, "That was chivalry, certainly. What made you 'spare the weaker knights'?"—They were poor harmless fellows, who, as I thought, were obliged to be there. They were not volunteers, but old men who would have given all they had in the world to be somewhere else. They were not the right men in the right place, so I left them and turned my horse on to the young and strong, who were using their swords most vigorously. There were too many likelier sort of fellows about to touch without attacking those poor old cripples. Our officers had revolvers, and they did great execution with them. The privates had not revolvers. Those revolvers did great service. In fact, the officers altogether did a great deal more service than the men, because of the revolvers. Many of the Cossacks got shot foolishly like, for after one discharge they thought it was all over, but the revolver had several barrels. Those Cossacks were all for plunder, and they tried to surround our officers, but they got knocked down with the shots. I gave one man a "nick" between his shako and the top of his jacket. He fell, but I do not know whether I killed him. I can't remember whether he sang out at all, but he did not trouble me again. "Did you see the Lancers, about whom so much has been said?"—I thought the Lancers were our Lancers, and I got close to them, but they did not stir. They were great cowards, and I heard from our prisoners afterwards that they were disbanded. I was actually

going round to form on their flank, but devil a one stirred. I had passed them some distance when my horse was shot under me. He was hit in the hind quarter. His belly was cut open, and his legs were broken. The shot came from a canon that had a low sweep, and it struck him in the thick of the thigh. My leg was covered with blood. I could not get free from him for some time. Captain Portal passed, and said to me, "D— you, get up; never mind your horse;" but I replied, "I can't, for he's lying on me." A private named Macgregor, of our regiment, however, came to my assistance. He asked me to get behind him on his horse, but I was not able, as I could not use my leg. I managed to find my way by some mystery at last to the camp, and they had pretty well all got home. I made the forty-fifth man of our troop who returned, and we went out with 135 men. It was worse coming back than going, for we did not know where we were. Lord George Paget thanked us all as we re-formed on the hill, saying, "Well, my brave fellows, I am thankful to see you back again." The Russians were afraid to follow us up the hill; for if they had they would have had it hot from our artillery, who were ready for them.

Dennis Connor, another of the Chelsea pensioners, states as follows:—I was in the 4th Light Dragoons (now the 4th Hussars), under Lord George Paget. We were drawn up ready on the morning of the charge. All were perfectly cool and collected. When the order was given I heard the men cheering each other. One would tell another that he "would lose the number of his mess that day," meaning that he would be shot; others said, "Here goes for victory!" whilst others declared they would have Russian biscuits for dinner. Lord George led our line gallantly. There was no sign of flinching; but he made us laugh as he kept drawing out in his own peculiar tone, "Now then, men, come on," and on we went certainly. I saw Gowens' horse shot. The animal staggered, turned round two or three times, and fell. I was one of those who tried to cut the traces of the Russian guns. I used my pocket-knife, but I found that within the leather were chains of steel. Our officers did more service with their revolvers than we could with our carbines. They fired five shots to our one, and that seemed to alarm the Russians. I don't think we were away from our first position on the hill more than twenty minutes, and that included charge and all. The enemy retired in confusion when the charge was made. They could not reform their line. We took some prisoners and exchanged them afterwards for our own men. When we returned we had a bottle of grog from the canteen, while General Cruikshank gave a glass of rum to each man who passed by him. I can corroborate everything that Corporal Grant has said. The Polish Lancers did follow us a little way up the hill, but they were cowards, and turned back again.

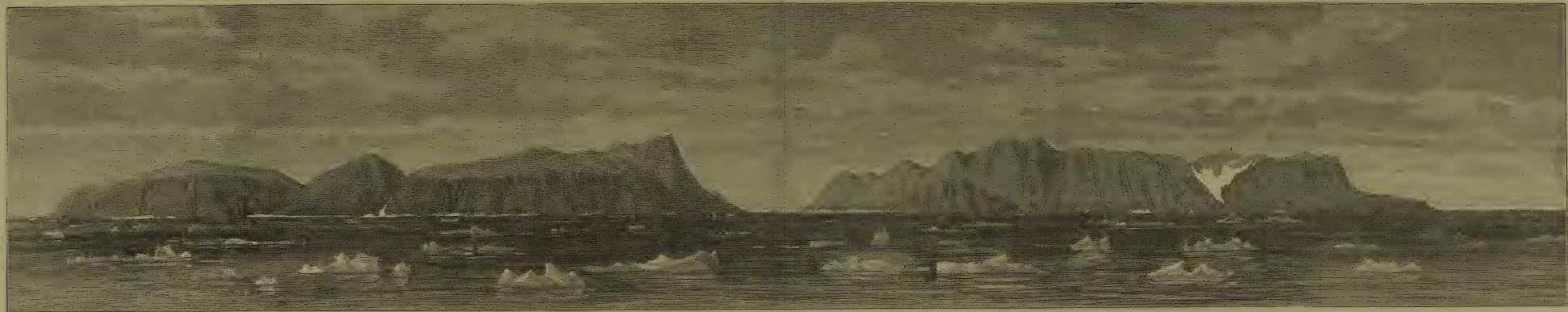
William Bird, belonging to the 8th Hussars, who composed the third line of the charge, says:—Colonel Shewell commanded the regiment, the next in command being Captain Tompkinson. The comrade who covered me was Tom Heffernan; he had only come up from the hospital at Scutari two days before, and, poor fellow, was very ill. As soon as we began to charge he said, "By God, boys, do you have this firing every morning?" I answered, "This was nothing to what we generally have," little thinking what it would lead to. I remember that he and Sergeant-Major M'Clure were the first I saw killed. Both of them, I believe, were shot through the head, and immediately fell from their horses; I never saw them again. Opposite the second battery, on the right of us, I lost my first horse, which was shot dead; but, by a skilful movement, I landed on my feet, and was not hurt. Shortly afterwards I caught a stray horse, which was riderless, belonging to the Scots Greys, and rejoined my troop. My feelings as I went down the valley were principally that of intense excitement—a sort of sensation of madness. At the bottom of the valley we halted some time, wondering what to do. I heard Lieutenant Phillips shout to Colonel Shewell, "The Lancers are cutting off our retreat!" to which Colonel Shewell replied, "No, Phillips; it's the 17th coming to our relief." Immediately afterwards I heard Lord George Paget call out, "Where is the General?" Colonel Shewell answered that he did not know. Lord George then said that we had better take our regiments back as best we could. Colonel Shewell, having wheeled us about, said, "Every man for himself, and God for us all. Go into them, men!" We then made for the Lancers of the enemy, and they opened their lines for us to pass, but we did not feel inclined to go through. I did not think it was a trap for us, but there was a sort of feeling of devilment or courage in us at the time, and we would not avail ourselves of their opening, but cut our way past their right and left flanks. In this charge my second horse, which had been shot, fell on my left leg, and I remained on the ground until relieved from my painful position by some of the enemy's soldiers. When I found I could not move my leg from under my horse, I thought it was all over with me, because I had heard that the Russian soldiers were very barbarous, and killed all their prisoners; but, to my agreeable surprise, they ordered me to accompany them, with several other of my comrades, to the bottom of the valley, where we were assured by a Russian officer that we were in the hands of Christians, and would be taken care of. I had received a bullet-wound through the calf of the right leg and a lance-wound in the arm. The Russians kept me a prisoner for twelve months. On the following morning—Oct. 26, 1854—in company with a number of other prisoners, I was brought before General Liprandi, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army. He asked us what amount of brandy had been served out to us that morning. We replied that we had had neither brandy nor victuals of any kind, telling him that we were very hungry. The General then ordered his aide-de-camp to see that our wants were attended to, and we afterwards obtained some beautiful white bread and German sausage. While appeasing our hunger we were surrounded by the Russian soldiers, and some of them gave us some apples. According to General Liprandi's orders we obtained also some native drink, which they call vodka. We had handed to us also some marching clothes, and afterwards marched up the country to Veronetz, which took us from three to four months to accomplish through a severe Russian winter. Our treatment from the higher class of Russians was of a very kind character, but the peasantry behaved to us more like brutes than Christians, and our privations were great. At Veronetz Mr. Catlin, an English merchant, took charge of me, he undertaking to be responsible for my body; and during the three months I was with him he treated me most kindly. At the expiration of this time a Russian officer fetched me, and I was exchanged with my fellow-prisoners at Odessa, and rejoined my regiment in the Crimea.

#### THE BANQUET.

The fine bright weather on Monday brought the people to Muswell-hill in much larger numbers than had been expected. From early in the forenoon till late in the afternoon frequent trains running to the Alexandra Palace from King's-cross were more than well filled. By one o'clock most of the Light Brigade who attended the commemoration were assembled in the Great Central Hall, where they witnessed the unveiling of the Balaclava Trophy. The principal object in this trophy was a colossal figure of Honour standing on a pedestal, at the

ARCTIC SKETCHES FROM THE PANDORA.

THE CAIRN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.



base of which were relics of the engagement, with the names of the officers who fell in the charge or who have died since Oct. 25, 1854. Along the hall, and extending from the trophy to the terrace, was a well-arranged museum of relics, consisting of arms and of bullet-riddled and sabre-cut helmets and other portions of uniforms. There were also in the collection articles found in the baggage of Prince Menschikoff, which was abandoned by him on the field of battle. There was the head of the charger which carried the Earl of Cardigan while leading the charge. This was sent by the Countess of Cardigan. But a more remarkable object was a living horse, a high-caste chestnut Arab, the oldest charger which has survived the Crimean War, if not the oldest in the British service. This animal is the property of Colonel Kent, of the 77th Regiment, who kindly lent him for the occasion. Having served in the Crimea, the horse went round the Cape to Australia, and did duty throughout the Indian mutiny. He has been twice in India, and is now with Colonel Kent's regiment at Woolwich. As the beautiful little beast stood bridled and saddled at the Alexandra Palace he looked quite young and quite fit for another campaign in any part of the world. Colonel Kent also lent the Russian drums captured by the 77th at the battle of the Alma. During the unveiling of the trophy the band of the Alexandra Palace Company performed an appropriate selection. From two o'clock till half-past four there were a variety of theatrical performances, in which Mr. G. Conquest, Mr. Terry, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Julia Gaylord, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. F. H. Celli, Mr. J. Clarke, and other popular members of the theatrical profession took part. The great attraction in the theatre was, however, the recitation by Mrs. Stirling of Mr. Tennyson's ode, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The enjoyment of those who took part in the commemoration was throughout much enhanced by the admirable programme published for the occasion. It contained much appropriate information, commencing with the account of the battle of Balaclava and the charge of the Light Brigade, written from the camp before Sebastopol by Dr. W. H. Russell, correspondent of the *Times*.

The dinner was prepared in the principalsaloon of the palace—a fine apartment, some 200 feet in length. One half of this was fitted up as a reception-room and the other half as a banqueting-chamber. The latter was very handsomely decorated. Behind the chairman's seat was a trophy, having the Russian flag as a centrepiece, encircled by the English, French, Italian, and Turkish flags. Effigies in armour kept guard on each side of this trophy, and along the side walls were military emblems and mottos. The tables were rich in adornments of plate and choice fruit and flowers. Covers were laid for about 250, and the guests of each of the five regiments which furnished contingents to the Light Brigade—the 4th Light Dragoon Guards, the 8th Hussars, the 11th Hussars, the 13th Light Dragoons, and the 17th Lancers—were ranged so that the survivors of each contingent should be together. The officers present who were in "the charge of the Light Brigade," and who now met at this commemoration, were Colonel Trevelyan, 11th Hussars; Colonel White, 17th Lancers; Major Sir George Wombwell, 17th Lancers; and Lord Tredegar, 17th Lancers. Colonel Kent, 77th Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Galt, Major C. Lennox Jervis, Captain Clutterbuck, and other officers also attended. About 120 of the rank and file, and non-commissioned officers, of the Light Brigade sat down to dinner; and their names are here given:—

Edward R. Woodham, J. Hickey, J. B. Forbes, D. Heron, J. Edden, W. H. Pennington, J. Palin, W. Pitt, Frederick Short, James Whitby, Daniel Decring, Thomas Ryan, John Boxall, James Batton, Henry Keagan, Robert Ferguson, William Thorne, Walter Best, William Butler, Peter Carroll, Thomas King, John Ford, George Baun, R. Owen Glendwr, G. Lay Smith, William Williamson, John Breese, John Buckton, Richard Young, John Lawson, William Perkin, Isaac Hanson, John Ettridge, R. Evans, James Pamplin, John Brooks, Charles Warren, Joseph Gumage, Henry Taylor, William Grey, P. H. Marsh, Charles Aldous, Thomas Dyer, William Butler, James Mustard, Sergeant Kennedy, William Travers, Thomas Mullins, Robert Harris, James Scarfe, James Tiggell, Sweeney, G. D. Price, J. G. Baker, Fred Armes, John Howes, John Holloway, James Devlin, Charles Macauley, Thomas Tremley, Robert Nichol, John Hogan, John Mortimer, John M'Causland, James Hefferon, Robert Johnson, James Dewan, William Grey, David Andrews, Isaac Middleton, Matthew Holland, Henry Jewell, William Smith, Richard Davies, Richard Brown, William Bentley, John Proctor, John Glanister, Henry Parker, W. L. Rhys, Anthony Wilder, Robert Martin, James Gusterson, Seth Bond, James Fletcher, Charles Powell, David Grantham, Thomas Williams, Charles Cork, James Hodges, Thomas Alliston, N. W. Easton, Benjamin Beeston, William Watlin, Edward Martin, A. Mitchell, James Lamb, James Lincoln, Thomas Cooke, W. D. Colson, James Malanfy, James Cameron, Job Allwood, Henry Brown, J. H. Harding, John Allen, George Garnham, Frederick Peake, Joseph Rhodes, Edwin Leoney, J. D. Robinson, Joseph Reintly, John Baker, Thomas Marshall, Francis Dickenson, David Stanley, Thomas Allen, Charles Morgan, John Browne, Thomas Clarke, William Purvis, Thomas Morley, James Bloomfield, William Barker, George Herrick, James Nunnerley, Robert Williams, John Penn, M. E. Lanfry.

With but few exceptions they were in plain clothes, but wore their war medals, and it was gratifying to see that to a man they were dressed respectably and seemed to be occupying comfortable positions. Their hearty greeting of one another was in itself a sight to see. Some of them who had been companions in the same regiment had never met since they left the Army till brought together on this occasion. In the menu and serving of the dinner Messrs. Bertram and Roberts acquitted themselves most creditably, and the toasts were heralded with becoming effect by Mr. Wilson, the toastmaster, and a trumpeter of the 8th Hussars. The band of the 8th Hussars played now and then during the feast. Colonel White, of the 17th Lancers, occupied the chair; Baron de Grancey, Military Attaché to the French Embassy, in the uniform of a Chasseur d'Afrique, took his seat on the right of the gallant Colonel. On the other side of the Baron was the Commandant Canovaro, Naval Attaché to the Italian Legation, next to whom sat Major Sir George Wombwell, Bart., of the 17th Lancers. Sir Edward Lee and the directors of the Alexandra Palace also sat on that side of the chairman. On his left hand sat Lord Tredegar, better known in the service as Sir Godfrey Morgan, and Lieutenant-Colonel Galt; and included among the other visitors invited were General Sir Thomas McMahon, Colonel Trevelyan, Colonel Pell, Colonel Kent, Major Montague, Major E. Lennox Jervois, Mr. J. Malone, 6th Dragoons; Mr. J. Wooden, 10th Regiment; Mr. J. Kelly, 8th Hussars; Mr. J. Berryman, the Rev. R. Halpin, Sir Frederick Perkins, M.P., Mr. J. Pennington, and Mr. N. A. Woods, correspondent of the *Morning Herald* in the Crimean War. When the first toast was called by Mr. Wilson, the toast-master,

The Chairman rose and said: Comrades—I am sorry for your sakes that I occupy this place. When I came here this evening I had no idea that I should have to do so; but, in the absence of names that are now historic—Lord Lucan, Lord

George Paget, and others—I was asked to take this position, though I feel unworthy of it ("No, no!" and cheers). I must say that I had really a feeling of some pride when I came to look back twenty years ago, and thought that, as a young man, I had the honour of leading a squadron of direction alongside of our gallant chief, who is now dead and gone; and perhaps on this account I am not altogether unworthy of being before you (Cheers). I now rise to propose the toast of the day among soldiers, a toast which is dear to us all. It seems to me that no men in England have given greater proof of their loyalty to the Queen than ourselves. I drink therefore to the health of the Queen, and I feel I need say no more, because more words would spoil the sentiment (Cheers).

The toast was drunk with great cheering, and was followed by the National Anthem, sung by an efficient choir, with Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Emily Mott, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. William Dalton, soloists, and Mr. F. Archer, accompanyst.

The Chairman: Comrades, I now rise to propose the second toast, one which will be drunk, I am sure, with as much loyalty and heartiness as the last. The Prince of Wales has gone to India. Let us drink, not only to his health, but to his happy return (Cheers). Many of those happy fellows I see around me have been in that country, and have shed their blood there; and to them, and to all here, I need not do more than propose the "Health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Colonel of the 10th Hussars, and may God speed him on his journey and send him safe home again" (Much cheering, and calls for cheers for the Princess of Wales).

Mrs. Stirling, who had declined the invitation to dinner, entered the room and took a seat near Sir Edward Lee.

The Chairman, rising amid some slight commotion, said: Comrades, I have now to propose the third toast—(a voice: "Order, please")—"The British flag." I know not what to say about it. One could say so much that, perhaps, the best thing would be to say nothing at all. That glorious flag for years—for a thousand years—has braved the battle and the breeze, and I see many gallant fellows who have fought under it. This flag has gone everywhere, and, by some extraordinary fatality, wherever it floats blessings seem to grow under it like flowers. We will drink to the British flag with all honours (Loud cheers).

Sir Edward Lee, being called upon to propose the next toast, said: Colonel White and Gentlemen,—I hope I shall be exonerated from any charge of possessing more than my share of national vanity when I bring before your notice the toast of the day. One may safely say that this is no common anniversary we celebrate to-night, and that those are no ordinary guests we have bidden to our board. On this day one-and-twenty years ago was achieved a chivalrous exploit—I use the word chivalrous advisedly, for in what does the truest chivalry consist but in a high conception of that little word—little, but pregnant with meaning—duty? That deed of arms, I maintain, was "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." Besides the actors in it, so many of whom are present here this evening, one can see the shadowy figures of your mythical heroes almost become substantial, and one can realise that there may have been some truth after all in the story of Horatius defending the bridge, a single breast against a phalanx of enemies; of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans repelling the foe at Thermopylae, though the arrows from his ranks were thick enough to darken the air. The material results of the Balaclava charge may have been small, but its moral effect was magnificent (Cheers). The blood that was shed in that brief mad ride in the North Valley was not shed in vain. There may have been a blunder, but I hold with the Laureate, when he wrote to Mr. Woodham, secretary of this committee, that England should be thankful for it, proving, as it did, that her soldiers are "the most honest and most obedient under the sun;" true to their flag, true to discipline, and true to the comrades that gallop knee to knee with them into the gaping mouth of destruction (Cheers). A blunder it may have been, I repeat, but a blunder rich in the noblest traits of soldiership—in valour impetuous, in fortitude uncomplaining, in devotedness sublime. A blunder it may have been; but it is one which shall shine luminous for ever on the golden roll of our military history (hear, hear)—a blunder, if it was one, which shall set the pulses of our island race tingling with pride, and their hearts throbbing with emulation, while a shred of the Union-Jack remains to be nailed to a British mast-head or be carried in the midst of a British regiment to victory (Cheers). There was no need on the 25th of October, 1854, when the trumpets sounded the charge, for officers to appeal to their men for support; they felt too much confidence in the mettle of those behind them (Hear, hear). There was no need for men—when, with teeth clenched and knees well pressed into their saddles, they leant forward for that glorious charge—to look to their officers for encouragement, for they knew that the bluest blood of England was in the front—(loud and protracted cheering)—and they knew that these, with themselves, would be "in at the death." If I desired to cite individual acts of heroism, I could recall enough among those which have been related to me of the guests now sitting at this table to make an "Iliad" of our own. There were men there who rode into action though their sword-arms were disabled. There were men who, though wounded themselves, contrived, in all the heat of that desperate retreat, to aid in saving comrades who were more seriously injured than themselves (Cheers). There were men who stood by their prostrate officers and made their bodies a defending shield—a target for the enemy—in the face of appalling odds (Cheers). I was reading the other day in a volume by one of our highest military authorities his idea of what a cavalry officer should be, and he declared that the leader of a body of British horsemen should be the Prince Rupert of the Army, and should covet true honour like a sinner. In going over the episodes of that memorable Ride of the Six Hundred, I could not help saying to myself that not merely the gallant Cardigan himself, but the humblest trooper under his command on that day, were all Prince Ruperts; and might be imagined saying, as they rushed forward, with the light of battle on their faces,

By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon

(Cheers). I am reminded by an inscription I see on the walls that this is also the anniversary of another fight—a fight in which our legions were arrayed against a Power which was our cordial ally in the Crimea, and a distinguished military representative of which I am so glad to see present at this table (Much cheering). There were four hundred and thirty-nine years of interval between Agincourt and Balaclava; but time wrought no change in the breed; and those who were in the last battle, as in the first, might, in Shakespeare's language, "Stand a-tiptoe when this day is named" and "remember with advantage what feats they did." For us who have the privilege to greet them, I may paraphrase the address of Henry V. to the English host, and say that their names are "familiar in our mouths as household words"—that we should yearly on the vigil feast our friends, and that their fame should in flowing cups be freshly remembered. With this object have the directors of the Alexandra Palace sent their invitation to the remnant of the Light Brigade to repay in some small way

the debt of gratitude due to you by your countrymen, and to prove that there is still appreciation in this our land for the courage which knows not when it is beaten, and the endurance which has made the empire what it is and carried our victorious flag to the uttermost ends of the earth (Cheers). I shall now hope that, as this commemorative banquet has taken place for the first time under the roof of the Alexandra Palace, it will eventually become an annual institution (Loud cheers). I hope we shall see you here year after year, and so far as I am personally concerned I trust that so long as there is a man of the Light Brigade alive, even if he has not a comrade left to shake hands with him, yet he will wend his solitary way to Muswell-hill to receive the congratulations of his country (cheers and a laugh), to receive from his fellow-countrymen that tribute of admiration which the Empire is always ready to bestow on those of her sons who have served her nobly and well (Hear, hear). I shall ask, in conclusion, those at this board who were not in the charge to drink to the health of those who were, and to honour those who now honour us with their presence—those whom we respect, revere, and love—those whose names only to mention sets the heart leaping as at the sound of a trumpet—"The Survivors of the Six Hundred." (Cheers).

With the toast were connected the names of Lord Tredegar, Sir George Wombwell, Colonel Trevelyan (11th Hussars), and Colonel Mussenden (8th Hussars).

The trumpeters of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars (one of the regiments engaged in the charge) sounded in succession, and with great effect, the cavalry calls, "Walk—trot—gallop." The band of the same regiment played "Garryowen." Before these gentlemen were called upon to respond,

Mrs. Stirling was introduced to give a recitation. By way of preface this lady said: "Gentlemen—I am an actress, as, perhaps, some of you may know, and am much more used to speak in public the words of others than my own, but I feel I should like, in my poor way, to say how proud I feel to find myself in the presence of so many brave men (Cheers). Courage and bravery are qualities especially dear to us poor cowardly women, and I feel my heart burn at this moment, when I think of the impression that your extraordinary bravery must have made on your foes. I know at home it filled us with admiration, with pity, and with wonder—wonder which has endured for twenty-one years—at a feat which will be esteemed as one of the brightest and most gallant deeds in the annals of English history (Cheers). You know, gentlemen, what one of our distinguished allies said of this memorable charge. He said, 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' I may now give you a few words better than my own." Mrs. Stirling then recited with great spirit an ode on "Balaclava," by Mr. Richard Chandler:—

The scribbler in safety may fairly enlarge  
On the blunders we made in that terrible charge;  
But the brunt of our steeds and the stroke of our steel  
Caused the columns to waver, the squadrons to reel:  
We were but six hundred; how many the foe  
We knew not, we cared not, we asked not to know!  
Midst the flashing of cannon, the musketry's roll,  
We heard but our orders, we saw but one goal:  
The fire-fringed mountains we shook with our tread,  
Front and flank were our foemen, behind us our dead;  
Midst a whirlwind of carnage the guns we rode through,  
For slaughter too many, for conquest too few!  
Then breathless, but fearless, a passage we tore  
Through a death-dealing host where our dead lay before.  
It might not be war, the mad freak that we wrought,  
To learn the result, ask the Russ what he thought,  
Count the labyrinth'd legions that studded the track  
Where a régiment swept forth, and a troop straggled back!

Great applause followed this recitation, after which the chairman called on all the survivors to stand up while the officers responded.

Lord Tredegar: Colonel White, Comrades, and Gentlemen of other Regiments.—It has been allotted to me to return thanks for the survivors. Our health has been drunk, and we have been treated in a most magnificent way. Our actions have been spoken of in the most flattering terms, and we have just heard a most eloquent, most charming, and touching oration spoken by Mrs. Stirling, which, I am sure, has reached the hearts of every one of us. After such an oration as that, what could one of the survivors of Balaclava have to say? The first duty of a soldier is obedience, and the next duty is modesty, and I for one never was a man of many words. It is a proud position to be able to return thanks for the Six Hundred, and I am very glad in being able to meet so many of my old comrades here to-night. You must all feel that your deeds which were performed so long a time ago are not only still remembered, but are likely to be remembered for ever by our country (Cheers). I am sure we are all very proud to be remembered in this way, and are all glad to return our thanks to the directors here for the magnificent way in which they have entertained the survivors of the Six Hundred (Loud cheers).

Sir George Wombwell: Colonel White, ladies (several of whom had now entered the room), and comrades,—After the able speech you have just heard from my gallant comrade, Lord Tredegar, I have scarcely anything more to add. It never has been the custom of a soldier to make a long speech, and I am not going to be any exception to the rule to-night. I wish very much to say how pleased I am to see you all, and especially the old 17th men whom I see here to-night, men of my own regiment. I am extremely glad to see them, and I trust they will live to see many more anniversaries of the 25th of October. (Cheers.)

Colonel Trevelyan, who was received with renewed cheering and a good deal of decidedly cordial approbation, said,—Brother Comrades, I have been asked to say a few words on the part of the 11th Hussars (Calls for "Order" and silence, the majority of the company being at this time on their legs). Words have almost been taken out of my mouth, because before me have spoken many gallant officers; but on the part of the 11th I may thank the directors of the Alexandra Palace for enabling us to come here among the other four regiments. We are met together here, and I hope we may live many a long day to resume our friendship. I am glad to see you, every one of you (Cheers for the 11th).

A new patriotic song and chorus, "The Light Brigade," composed by Mr. Alfred Emden, of the Alexandra Palace, and set to music by Mr. H. Weist Hill, was sung by Mr. W. Dalton and the choir.

Mr. Pennington, the actor, who was one of the Six Hundred, begged silence for a few moments while he recited Tennyson's poem of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It was received with enthusiastic applause.

The next toast was to "The Memory of the Dead."

The Chairman: Brother Comrades, let us restrain our hilarity for one moment (silence was at once observed), and let us solemnise ourselves for a time and think of the brave fellows we left behind us, never to come home again. Few of us here did not leave friends, and very dear friends. The toast I have to propose is to "The Memory of the Dead."

The toast was drunk in solemn silence. The band played the "Dead March."

Miss Emily Mott, in a powerful voice, which filled all the

vast hall, sang, with due appreciation, the song "England's Dead."

The Chairman: The toast I have now to propose will be one most acceptable to us all, that of "Our Gallant Allies" (cheers). I will only just say this—Where would many of us have been but for the Chasseurs d'Afrique? (cheers). Many of you will remember how they put to silence the guns on our left flank, and in the gallantest style prevented attack from others. May the French always be our allies (cheers). I hope, and I am sure you will agree with me, that the blood we shed together on that day may have the effect of cementing the alliance between the two nations. Those who came from Italy also gave us material assistance. I give you the toast of "Our Allies," connected with the names of Baron de Grancey and Commandant Canovaro.

Baron de Grancey hoped he might be allowed to adopt some of the words they had heard and address them as "comrades" (cheers). The greatest honour that had been conferred upon him since he became military attaché in this country, as representing the French army, was being invited to this banquet. He was glad to see there had been a protest against a book issued some time ago trying to break the confidence between the French and British armies ("No, no!" "Never!"). He would not deign to answer an author who had attacked the chivalrous Marshal Canrobert. He would leave all that to the good sense of the British soldier. Lord Strathnairn, from the appointment he held in the French army, was the best judge on that subject. Another reason why he was glad to see this meeting was that there were credulous people who believed that getting together an army and keeping it in good order was exactly the same as getting and keeping together a number of people belonging to any trade or engaged in any commercial or industrial occupation. It was a very dangerous idea. He should like to see such people braving fever in distant countries and living on short supplies of food. He should like to see all of them sacrificing their lives as did the soldiers on board the Birkenhead, in order that women and children might be saved. There were two qualities of the greatest use in military service, and those were discipline and devotion (cheers). Discipline and devotion all over the world! He thanked them for the compliments paid to the allied armies, and with reference to the Russian army and to Russia he reminded them of the charming way in which this country had recently received that dear and beloved Princess, her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh (cheers). He would propose the "Health of her Royal and Imperial Highness," and would also remind them of the services performed by Miss Florence Nightingale.

Sigñor Canovaro, who asked permission to speak in the French language, said that on behalf of the Italian army, their ancient comrades in the Crimea, he returned them his sincere thanks. He freely admitted, however, that the chief glory of the Battle of Balaclava belonged to the English Army.

Mr. Woodham proposed the health of the worthy host who had so kindly entertained the men from Balaclava, and he hoped that next year they might meet in the same way (loud cheers).

The only remaining toast of the list was, "The Soldiers of the Pen," to be proposed by the chairman, and responded to by Mr. N. A. Woods, one of the Crimean "special correspondents."

After the chairman vacated the chair, several of the rank and file reached the upper end of the room, and proposed cheers for Cardigan and Nolan, and three more for "those who knew how to take care of themselves."

The company then dispersed to enjoy the various entertainments still remaining on the programme.

#### THE OFFICERS' DINNER.

At a later hour of the evening many of the officers who were engaged in the Battle of Balaclava celebrated the anniversary by dining together at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, where covers were laid for forty persons. General the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B., presided, supported by Lieutenant-General Lord George Paget, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hodge, K.C.B., Major-General Sir Thomas M'Mahon, K.C.B., Lord Tredegar, Lord Bingham, the Hon. H. H. Jolliffe, Sir George Wombwell, and Colonel E. Seager, late of the 8th Hussars, who rode in the charge, and commanded a squadron of that regiment, which, in returning from the charge, broke through the Russian line formed to cut off their retreat.

Lord George Paget, when he proposed a toast, said: "You are all willing, I am sure, to do honour to the part which the Light Cavalry Brigade took in the charge—the never-to-be-forgotten charge—at Balaclava, and I wish to state here the reasons that have prevented us from being present at the banquet given in their honour at the Alexandra Palace. It was a matter of fair question why the officers of the Heavy Brigade were not included in the invitation to that banquet. This is not the place, and I am not the proper person, to dwell on the gallant deeds of the two brigades on that day. Suffice it to say that the services of the two brigades were so associated that I could not reconcile it to my feelings to take any part in the commemoration of the gallant doings of that day from which the Heavy Brigade was excluded. But because there was this exclusiveness it did not prevent me from sending my contribution towards the enjoyment of the gallant fellows meeting elsewhere to-day, although I must repeat that I did not expect that the banquet would have assumed the character it did."

Lord Lucan said: "It affords me the greatest pleasure to meet my comrades of something like fifty years' standing. With regard to the Alexandra banquet, I may say that I heard nothing of it until I came to London from Ireland a few days ago. I had nothing to do with it as far as its arrangement was concerned, but I at once observed that the object was to bring together and give honour to the Light Brigade alone, and I felt this more particularly, admiring the Light Brigade as I do, and feeling also that their achievements on the great day we are now celebrating can never be surpassed, that one branch of the service had been neglected. It is well that feasts of that kind, occurring twenty-one years ago, should be commemorated to-day. I have no hesitation in saying that it was impossible for any body of soldiers to conduct themselves more nobly, more splendidly, than did the Heavy Brigade in connection with the Charge at Balaclava. It is probable that they were not brought immediately into action as were the Light Brigade; but, had it not been for the position which they took and the bravery they displayed, the enemy would have been able to have burnt our ships, and inflicted incalculable injury. It is therefore I feel that their efforts should have been acknowledged, and I now take the opportunity of bearing my testimony to their gallantry."

The following is the Poet Laureate's letter to the chairman of the committee:

Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, Oct. 20.

Dear Sir,—I cannot attend your banquet, but I inclose £5 to defray some of its expenses, or to be distributed as you may think fit amongst the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the most honest and most obedient under the sun. I will drink a cup

of wine on the 25th to the health and long life of all your fine fellows, and, thanking yourself and your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me, I pray you all to believe me, now and ever, your admiring fellow-countryman,

A. Tennyson.

Our Illustration will, it is hoped, be acceptable upon this occasion, and will serve many years hence as memorials of such a brilliant event in our national history. This Journal, at the time of the Crimean War, furnished a great number and variety of original illustrations of all the incidents of that renowned campaign and siege of Sebastopol. The sketch of the Charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade, which was then made for our own use, has been again used in the new Engraving published this week, which has been specially re-drawn from that sketch, by Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., for the present occasion. The portraits of many of the surviving soldiers who rode among the Six Hundred are engraved from such photographs as we have been able to get; they are not a selection purposely made, and it will be understood that we have had no idea of distinguishing individual merits. For some of them we are indebted to the assistance of Mr. George Latham, now an engraver and photographer at Starch-green, Hammersmith, who was orderly-room clerk of the 17th Lancers in the Crimea, and was, of course, personally acquainted with most of those brave men. With reference to the collection of Balaclava relics, it should be observed that the Russian helmet and sword were picked up by one of the Scots Greys, in the Heavy Cavalry Brigade part of the action. The drum and bugle were taken by men of the Coldstream Guards at Inkerman. The horse-pistol was in a saddle-holster of a Russian horse captured by Sergeant John Howes, of the 4th Light Dragoons, to ride back from the charge at Balaclava. Mr. Robert T. Landells, our well-known Special Artist, who went also through the Danish War of 1864, the German War of 1866, and the war between France and Germany, in 1870, for this Journal, contributed to the Balaclava Festival a portfolio of Crimean sketches. They were arranged on a red screen in the central hall of the Alexandra Palace, where they attracted such crowds of visitors that two policemen were employed to keep the approach clear. We doubt not that Mr. Simpson, our Artist now on his way to attend the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, would likewise have supplied many sketches of the siege of Sebastopol if he had not been absent from England just at this time.

A number of copies of the engraved portrait of Lord Cardigan, the gift of Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, were distributed among the men of the Light Brigade. They were treated by Messrs. Gatti, on Tuesday evening, with free admission to the Promenade Concert at Covent-Garden Theatre.

#### THE VOLUNTEERS.

The volunteer year closes to-day. We give some of the principal events which took place last week.

The annual prize-meeting of the No. 3 company of the St. George's (Captain Baxter's) took place at Wormwood-scrubs. A very handsome list of prizes was competed for, consisting of various useful articles and several sums of money, to the value of £50. In the first series the winners were—1, Private Troake, who won a carved oak bookslide, containing several handsomely-bound volumes, presented by Mr. George Bubb; 2, Lieutenant Johnson, a polished Coromandel-wood cabinet of "games," presented by Captain Baxter; 3, Sergeant Garrett, an elegantly-mounted olive-wood smoker's cabinet, fitted complete, also presented by Captain Baxter; 4, Quartermaster-Sergeant Simpson, £3 10s.; 5, Private Cowley, a solid leather dressing-case, presented by Lieutenant Johnson; 6, Private P. Gray, £2 10s.; 7, Private Randall, gold pencil-case, presented by Captain Baxter; 8, Private W. Bendall, £2 5s.; 9, Private Shave, a very handsome ebony and silver-mounted tankard, presented by Mr. A. W. Staden; 10, Private Cawley, a beautifully illuminated album, presented by Captain Baxter; 11, Private A. Thornton, £2; 12, Private Evans, travelling leather writing-case. Second series—1, Sergeant Luker, a handsome book, presented by Mr. R. Bumpus; 2, Private G. Champion, a flask; 3, Sergeant Ococks, bronze inkstand, presented by Mr. C. N. Peal; 4, a box of cigars, presented by Mr. W. Lakin, was won by Private J. Champion. At the conclusion of the shooting Captain Baxter awarded the prizes to the respective winners. About thirty members with their friends sat down to dinner in the rifle-pavilion, when Captain Baxter congratulated the successful competitors in his usual happy way, and took occasion to remark on the prosperous state of the company, as shown by this prize-meeting.

A match was fired between teams of twelve men from the 2nd London and the 39th Middlesex. The latter were successful, scoring 659 points against 628 of their opponents.

At Rainham the members of the 2nd City of London held their annual competition for the regimental gold badge, and the winner was Sergeant Brown, with 37 points.

The annual competition of the 37th Kent took place at Cranbrook, when the following were the principal winners:—Officers' prizes: Corporal Goldsmith, 37; Sergeant Nunn, 33; and Corporal James, 30 points. Non-commissioned officers' prizes: Corporals James and Springett, 17 points each. Colonel Alexander's prize: Corporal Springett, 16; and Sergeant Nunn, 11 points. The challenge cup was won by Private J. Pettett, and a recruits' prize by Private Gilbert.

At Tunbridge Wells eight companies of the 2nd Administrative Battalion Kent met to shoot for the possession of the regimental challenge cup. After a most exciting competition the result was found to be a tie between Tunbridge Wells and Leeds Castle, with 204 points, Tunbridge being third with 201. On shooting off the tie at 600 yards Tunbridge Wells won by one point.

The A company 5th East Kent held their quarterly competition for the ladies' challenge cup at the company's range. Sergeant Richford proved the winner. The monthly challenge cup was also competed for at the same time. Sergeant Richford also proved the winner.

The annual prize-meeting of the 4th Hants took place at Warblington. The principal winners were:—Challenge cup: Sergeant G. Carter, 1st series; £5, Sergeant Tatchell; £1, Sergeant G. Carter; £3, Sergeant Watson; £2 each, Corporal Cousins and Corporal Carter; £1 10s., Lance-Corporal Suter; £1 each, Lance-Corporal Brown, Private Beacon, Private Sims, Captain Scott, and Sergeant Howse. Recruits' and consolation prizes were won by Privates W. Jones and Batchelor. There were also prizes for the highest scorer at each range.

The 17th Wilts held their annual prize competition at the Marlborough range, when the following were the principal winners:—Silver goblet and challenge medal, Corporal Crook; £2 12s. 6d., Sergeant Lamborne and Private Lanfear; £2 2s. each, Corporal Brampton and Lance-Corporal Hollins. Range prizes were won by Sergeant Trueman and Corporal Taylor; and the first recruits' prize by Private Barnett.

A match took place at Chesterfield between teams of ten men of the Staveley and Chesterfield Rifles. After a close match throughout, the Staveley team secured the victory by four points, scoring 337 against 333 by their opponents.

At the Hartlebury range the winners of the Beauchamp Cup at the late Worcestershire county meeting met to compete for a series of prizes. The principal prize was taken by Private Griffiths, of Wolverley.

Two batteries of Monmouthshire Artillery volunteers, at Blackwood and Abercarne, have been disbanded by an order from the War Office.

The 2nd Suffolk competed at the Framlingham range for their annual prizes. The principal winners were Corporal Gray, Private Vyse, Private Norman, and Sergeant Kent.

The monthly competition of the 8th Suffolk took place at Saxmundham, when Private Butcher was successful after shooting off a tie with Sergeant Holmes.

The gold challenge medal of the Altcar Club, which has to be won three times by the same person, was won for the first time by Private S. H. Moran (1st L.R.V.), on shooting off the tie with Messrs. Sprott, Barker, Alexander, and Cox.

At Bowden a match took place between teams of ten men from No. 8 company 1st Manchester and the 12th Cheshire. The Manchester team were victorious by twenty-two points, scoring 519 against 497 by the Cheshire men. The cup for the highest score was won by Private Walton, 1st Manchester.

The members of the 8th Lancashire Artillery last week brought their prize competitions for the year to a conclusion with the contest for the annual repository prizes, and for two cups presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Clay. This is a branch of artillery work in which this regiment particularly excels, a detachment from them under Battery Sergeant-Major Bellis being fortunate enough to win the repository competition at Shoeburyness in 1874. This year again they were the champions of the first week, their two detachments completing their work respectively in 7 min. 30 sec. and 7 min. 42 sec. They were confidently expected to be the victors, and were congratulated on their success, but were doomed to disappointment, being beaten in the second week by three detachments, who did the work in 6 min. 29 sec., 6 min. 51 sec., and the winners, who finished in the unparalleled time of 5 min. 54 sec. The result of the competition is that the first prize is taken by No. 9 battery, under Battery Sergeant-Major Platt and Sergeant Kewn, in 6 min. 20 sec.; the second by Nos. 4 and 1 batteries, under Battery Sergeant-Majors Bellis and Kay, in 6 min. 30 sec.; and the third by Nos. 2 and 3 batteries, under Battery Sergeant-Majors Sharp and Billingsley, in 6 min. 38 sec.

The 3rd West York Artillery held their annual prize-meeting at York. The principal winners were as follow:—The challenge cup was won by Bombardier Thornton. The members' prizes: £4 Gunner Taylor, £3 Bombardier Thornton, £1 10s. Gunner Hart. The Lord Mayor's prizes were won by Gunner Pinder, Quartermaster Sergeant Waller, and Gunner Appleyard; the Sheriff's prize, Gunners Lane and Goodram.

At the butts at Bootham Stray, near York, the 1st Royal Dragoons fired their return match against the 1st West York Rifles. As in the previous week, the conditions were teams of eight sergeants, ten rounds at 200 and 400 yards, five to be fired with the long snider and five with the carbine. The volunteers were again successful, this time by the narrow majority of nine points. The scores were:—1st West York, carbine, 158, and rifle, 199; total, 357 points. 1st Royals, carbine, 157, and rifle, 191; total, 348 points.

A match was fired at the Possil range between teams of ten men each from the ninth company 19th Lanark, the fourteenth company of the Queen's Edinburgh, and the fourth company 19th Lanark. The former won by a large majority, scoring 456 points against 389 by the Queen's Edinburgh team, and 386 by the fourth company. The highest score in the match was made by Private J. Geddes, of the winning team.

Last Saturday Lord Saltoun laid the first stone of the breakwater expansion works at Fraserburgh, towards which Government has granted a sum of £60,000. Lord Saltoun is the ninth lineal descendant of the man who laid the foundation-stone of the harbour 300 years ago.

The young sea-lions which have recently arrived at the Brighton Aquarium from the coast of California, and which are the first that have ever been exhibited in this country, were shown to the public for the first time on Monday. They are from 5 ft. to 6 ft. in length, and when full grown will measure from 12 ft. to 15 ft. The baby porpoise recently caught off the North Foreland is still on view.

Archbishop M'Hale presided at a Home-Rule meeting held last week in Tuam, at which Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., Mr. Butt, M.P., and other prominent representatives of the party attended. In addition to the ordinary demand for an Irish Parliament, resolutions in favour of denominational education and fixity of tenure were adopted, as was also a proposition denouncing the exclusion of Irish from Government schools.

The Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee held its first meeting last Saturday, at Glasgow, and elected the following as its officers for the ensuing year:—Mr. John Kane, Darlington, chairman; Mr. George Odger, vice-chairman; and Mr. George Shipton, treasurer. The congress itself had, on the previous day, elected Mr. Henry Broadhurst to be the secretary. The elections of Saturday were all unanimous.

The official inquiry respecting the loss of the ship Ellen Southard and the capsizing of the Liverpool tubular life-boat, which had just rescued the crew of the first-named vessel during the great storm last month, resulted, yesterday week, in the decision that no blame could be attached to anyone. The accident to the life-boat was attributed to the extraordinary and frightful state of the sea, and not to any defect in her construction. The surviving members of the crew and also the crew of the New Brighton boat were warmly complimented for the bravery they displayed on the occasion.

Mr. Slater-Booth, President of the Local Government Board, attended a conference of poor-law guardians at Shrewsbury last week. He said that the number of paupers in the country at Lady Day last was smaller than for the past eighteen years, and the cost of relief was less than for six or seven years. Referring to the feeling in some quarters that the orders of the Local Government Board with regard to outdoor relief were not sufficiently stringent, the right hon. gentleman said that at present the Government did not wish to interfere in this matter, preferring to leave it to the action of boards of guardians.

The South Holland Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck have presented Captain Gibbs, of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company's steamer Lord Cardigan, with a large silver medal, for the humane conduct exhibited on Dec. 2 last in saving two survivors of the crew of a fishing-boat wrecked near the pier off the new waterway hook of Holland. The mate and second mate have each received a smaller silver medal, and three of the hands have respectively got a bronze medal for their humanity. They put off in their life-boat in a heavy sea and threw ropes to the fishermen, who were clinging to the pier.



ARCTIC SKETCHES FROM THE PANDORA: CATCHING A YOUNG BEAR.

ARCTIC SKETCHES FROM THE PANDORA.



PHOTOGRAPHING THE WALL OF ICE IN PEEL SOUND, 72 DEG. 30 MIN. N. LAT.



THE LAST RECORD OF THE NORTH POLE EXPEDITION AT DISCO.

## PLUCK.

About the time that fires come in, and Englishmen settle down to the enjoyment of the seven or eight months of alternate fog, slush, frost, rain, and snow which they arbitrarily divide into the seasons of autumn, winter, and spring—all a good deal alike, particularly spring—when foreigners, if they are wise, flee from the land of open fire-places and cold baths, there begins a season more important to immense numbers of our British youth than that of any other sport or business; the season of which every Saturday afternoon witnesses innumerable rough and cheery contests at the game which is rapidly becoming almost more typically national than even cricket or hunting—the noble pastime of foot-ball.

There could be nothing more entirely English. It requires cold weather, a large and even field, good temper, physical strength, and, above all, *pluck*; one of the most splendid of English qualities expressed in the most hideous English slang—the absence of which, in its exact sense, makes the most heroic Frenchman or Italian entirely blind to the beauties of our glorious game. He sees some thirty men waiting, in two loose lines, on a dreary foggy day, till it shall please one of them to give a large leather ball an infuriated kick; then he sees them nearly all rush about in utter confusion (as he thinks) for an hour or two, kicking indiscriminately the ball or each other, yelling unintelligible war-cries, every now and then lying down panting on the cold wet grass, and finally limping off, almost everyone with an assortment of “hacks” on his shins and ankles, and several really lamed for a day or two—or a week or two, or a month or two. The contest may be between two rival towns, which would give it in his eyes some little *raison d'être*; but it may also quite possibly be between two clubs which have hardly heard of each other before, between two “scratch fifteen,” or even between members of the same club—who have mauled each other furiously for a couple of hours simply for practice, for “fun,” and to improve themselves and their “team!”

If you were to tell this said Frenchman or Italian that these thirty men had been spending their autumn afternoon certainly in the warmest possible way—a way which not only made them at the time warmer than could any number of greatcoats or fires, but taught their blood to circulate blithely for many hours to come—in the most interesting, cheering, invigorating, unselfish, enjoyable way, and, on the whole, in the wisest conceivable way (on certain conditions hereafter to be mentioned), he would probably bow in the manner which is considered—in Frenchmen and Italians—so polite, but he would also intimate, with a sort of contemptuous deference which in an Englishman one would consider almost worthy of kicking, that you were talking absolute nonsense.

Yet there are Frenchmen, Germans, and for aught we know Italians, who, having been caught young enough and taught football, have taken to it very kindly; but none of them—and, it is hardly necessary to add, no Spaniard, Russian, Asiatic, or American—would ever have thought of originating the game, or anything in any way like it. The Frenchman would consider it logically absurd—for the game is called football, and in its most popular form the players’ feet hardly ever touch anything but their opponents’ shins, the Spaniard would think it altogether too much trouble, and the American would call it childishly simple; all men, except the mad English, would hold it far too rough for an amusement, while it has no great value as a method of fighting.

That it is too rough for middle-aged men—for anyone, played in the extreme Rugby style—we admit; but for young Englishmen, healthy and strong, and with decent tempers, it is not only the finest exercise but the most glorious enjoyment possible. The chances of injury to health or limb are not, we believe, much greater than those of all outdoor amusements; and, it must be confessed, what danger there is gives one of its greatest charms to the game. For this is one of the distinguishing features of British pluck. Though it is not foolhardiness—there is occasionally a very strong resemblance, but pluck proper need never be foolhardy—yet a certain amount of risk, and the assurance of a strain on muscles or nerves intense enough to be (in cold blood) extremely unpleasant, is almost the greatest attraction anything can have for it. Pluck is boldness, dash, doggedness, high spirits, disregard for pain, and the particularly English quality of never knowing when one is beaten. A gentleman of whom we have been hearing quite enough lately showed it in his wonderful swim across the Channel, and showed also, by-the-by, that it is partly a physical quality. Many men as brave as he, in all that constitutes the truest bravery, really could not have endured the prolonged strain which the long hours of buffeting with the waves must have been—the constant doubt and anxiety, which to him probably took the form of bracing excitement.

And this pluck has been a British characteristic, at all events ever since Cressy and Poitiers:—You will, doubtless, have something to say this week of the pluck shown at Balaclava. All nations, it is true, have considered bravery their own especial virtue—but this rough, dogged, humorous pluck has in it something which distinguishes it from the fiery unstable valour of the French, from the solid mechanical courage of the German, and the stern, brutal bravery of the ancient Roman. It has individuality, dash, and fun; it is an intensely human quality, and very lovable—we are all proud of it. It ought to be accompanied—let us hope it generally is—with kindness to women, to children, to the conquered; and the man who possesses it is, we are bound to believe, more likely than other men always to fight fair.

Besides all this, the fame of English pluck seems to be the one thing that is likely to save our country from the dangers which are threatening other nations—other Teutonic nations in particular. Germany, and, with a difference, America would seem to be in danger of growing over-intellectual: cultivating the body, perhaps, but only in a mechanical way because it is demonstrably wise to do so: trusting too much to pure logic—the human intellect has proved over and over again that it is not yet broad enough to take in all possibilities, and, therefore, must not always do what it thinks logically proved to be right, but, perhaps, *feels* to be wrong. English pluck gives to the body occupations and interests which tend to keep men from becoming mere intellectual machines; and it is to be noted that having minds, bodies, and souls, if we give two of these three factors fair play, we are more likely to think of the third than if we concentrate ourselves wholly upon one—be it mind, like some modern philosophers; body, like savages and prize-fighters; or even like Simeon Stylites and his fellow-fanatics, soul.

The worship of pluck may no doubt be carried too far, nowadays very often is; but it is, on the whole, a manly and a healthy and useful thing. Shakespeare adored British manliness; he was always delightfully and illogically patriotic, and human, and wise. Let us follow him in this, as we might profitably in many other ways; and if we do not consider Captain Webb and the best player in the English twenty the two greatest men of their day, let us be thankful that England has such men, and sure that she will never lose her place among nations while she, in cultivating wisdom and art, does not forget kindness, manliness, and “pluck.”

## SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THE MONTH.

The last part of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* contains an article on the Possibility of a Future Life, in which the work recently published “On the Unseen Universe” is reviewed. It is stated that our solar system must have had a beginning and must also have an end, inasmuch as the forces in nature tend gradually to an equilibrium. But, if force be indestructible, this equilibrium cannot be reached without the creation of a force equal to that which has been expended. It cannot be said that either the author of the article or the author of the work reviewed have thrown any new light on the subject they have undertaken to discuss. The same periodical contains an able article, by Mr. Neison, on the condition of the atmospheres of the planets. The question of the height of the atmospheric envelope of the four great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune derives peculiar interest from the influence it possesses over the physical constitution of the planet itself. The densities of these planets is known to be small, being not much greater than that of water; but the estimate of the density is derived from the apparent magnitude, which may have been exaggerated if the planets are surrounded by a deep atmosphere which has been measured as part of their magnitude. There may, however, be another cause of their small density. If gravity be a vibration produced by the influence of the sun, distant planets, being less affected by the sun, will have less gravity, and therefore less density. The larger planets ought to be more dense than the small, by virtue of their size; but the distant planets may also be less dense from their smaller participation in the sun’s light and heat. Probably, also, the larger planets are still red-hot.

The experiments made in Italy in hatching silkworms from Australian grain appear to have been very successful. The worms have been singularly healthy and the cocoons have been pronounced equal to the famous cocoons of Salerno.

Large steamers have less motion in a seaway than small; and Captain Dicey’s vessel, the Castalia, is said to be less productive of sea-sickness than the ordinary Channel steamers. The same may be said of the Holyhead steamers as compared with the smaller vessels they superseded. But the Holyhead steamers, unlike Captain Dicey’s, are vessels of great speed. In the present state of the Channel harbours it is unsafe to take large vessels into them in rough weather, and it is in rough weather that the immunity from sea-sickness afforded by size is most required. In a letter to the *Lancet* Mr. Ellis states that he has succeeded in keeping off sea-sickness by attending to the motion of the vessel and by practising a slight stooping or pressing downward of the body whenever the deck sinks. We have found sickness to be best kept off by keeping the recumbent position and by breathing regularly and vigorously, so that it is in no wise arrested or disturbed by the motion of the ship.

On a former occasion we stated that an artificial vanilla might be obtained from the bark of the pine-tree. It is now proposed to obtain it from the refuse liquor of wood-pulp conifers, used in the manufacture of paper.

It has now been found that not only may several telegraphic messages be transmitted through the same wire at one time, but that messages may be transmitted at the same time through one wire in opposite directions. It is said that Gray’s system of electro-harmonic transmission has been put into successful operation between New York and Boston. It appears by the Indian papers that what is called the quadruplex system has been introduced on the Madras Railway, by which two messages are simultaneously sent from the opposite ends of the same line.

Last month we referred to the proposed method of widening London Bridge that the Common Council has determined upon, and regarding which the newspapers have indulged in a large amount of premature denunciation. The plan having now been published, the public are able to judge how far it would mar or improve the appearance of the bridge, and in our judgment it would improve the appearance of the bridge very much. In 1852, when a scheme for widening the bridge was projected, Sir John Rennie, to whom, with some others, the matter was referred, disapproved of the proposal, because it would place additional weight on the piles, and because he thought the widening both useless and disfiguring. The widening is certainly imperative to accommodate the increased and increasing traffic. The increased weight which will be thrown on the piles will be inconsiderable and also uniform, so that it will have no tendency to cause disturbance; and the blank sides of the bridge will be rather improved in appearance by the application of ironwork of an artistic kind.

A new metal, which has received the name of Gallium, has been discovered in France by M. Lecoq, by means of the spectroscope. It was found in a blonde from Pietranta, in Spain, and is an analogue of zinc and cadmium. The spectroscope promises to be a most valuable instrument in analysis. The metal helium found by its means in the sun’s atmosphere is the only substance existing there which we have not also on the earth. But its terrestrial existence may yet be established.

The Serapis appears to have been, in several respects, very imperfectly fitted for the voyage of the Prince of Wales to India. On the voyage out to Brindisi the boilers primed so badly that only a low rate of speed was obtained, and we have observed that on two occasions the chain-cables parted. The priming, we believe, has been cured. But what of the cables?

The Abbé Moigno states that the production of truffles has been very much increased in France by planting a particular kind of oak, Quercus pubescens, round the roots of which it has long been known that truffles thrive best. One cultivator stated that in a few years he had realised £500 by the sale of the truffles from three acres and a half of ground which he had previously planted with these oaks. The oaks should be planted at some distance apart, like the trees in orchards.

The utilisation of the heat of the sun for industrial purposes is a very old project. But it has been first brought into practical operation by Ericsson, whose solar-engine has of late years attracted considerable attention. In a recent paper read before the French Academy M. Mouchot gives an account of some of his experiments in the same direction. He used a mirror to receive the sun’s rays, a blackened boiler on which they were concentrated, and an envelope of glass which allowed the sun’s rays to pass through, but prevented the obscure rays from escaping. Steam was raised in the boiler sufficient to drive a small steam-engine that worked a pump. In tropical countries it appears probable that engines of this kind may be used to do useful work—such as to raise water from wells for irrigation. The hotter the sun the more water would be raised. No doubt the heat could also be used for cooking and for various domestic and industrial operations.

The relics discovered during the recent exploration of the bone cave of Mayingen, near Schaffhausen, are described in the *Archiv für Anthropologie*. On one fragment of a reindeer’s horn there is a sketch of a horse, and there are heads of horses etched upon pieces of lignite. The horses are shown with erect manes, and beards like those of a goat. There are also good sketches of the reindeer, the fox, and other animals.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

The spring exhibition of water-colour drawings at this gallery does good service, insomuch that it affords a better opportunity of coming before the public to many painters than they would otherwise enjoy, owing to the exclusiveness of the Pall-Mall corporations. But the *raison d'être* of the winter exhibition here of cabinet-pictures in oil seems to be yearly less apparent, judging by the diminishing importance of the individual works contributed. Perhaps the average level of merit is not lowered, for there are many pretty “little bits,” particularly in landscape, evincing assured ability or capacity; but these morceaux are either a few comparatively insignificant remainders from well-known studios, or small and frequently hasty studies and sketches, done too often obviously to tempt slender purses rather than for improvement. In the earlier winter gatherings some of the younger men exhibited experimental essays in various directions which challenged an interesting discussion of art principles. Now there is scarcely a single work demanding serious criticism; the artists, at least, who might otherwise claim notice afford better opportunities for examination elsewhere during the year. To justify the title of “exhibition”—i.e., a collection of public interest—there should certainly be a few works of ambitious aim and strenuous emulative effort.

A place of honour is occupied by one of Mr. G. D. Leslie’s numerous white-robed, and this time quasi-classical, maidens. But there is nothing classical about her, except her costume and the title, “*Anthylla*” (165). By-the-way, the bullae which fasten her dress are too equally forward, and thereby give a rather constrained air to the pose. In the character of her face and her unconscious grace she is, however, a thoroughly English “floweret.” On either side of this hangs a “Nocturne” in “Blue and Gold,” presumably an evening-view across the Thames; and another in “Black and Gold,” which we conjecture to be a display of fireworks at Cremorne, both, we need hardly say, by Mr. Whistler. Admitting that these strike chromatic “harmonies,” strange and beautiful, analogous to musical chords, yet why such unintelligible limitation, as far as possible, especially in the first named, of the representative power which is the essence of pictorial art? It would have been a great economy for his patrons if Mr. Whistler had used a much longer canvas for the first subject, if “subject” we may say where there is none, because by continuing the horizontal sweep of the enormous brush he must have used a dozen pictures might have been cut off the canvas at little more than the price of one. These are almost the only wilful eccentricities in the room, and they are enough. “Polly’s Dessert” (184), by Mr. E. M. Ward, and “Found Drowned” (211), a female suicide lying under an arch of one of our bridges, together with the bust of a sad-looking lady, called “The Days that are No More” (80), by Mr. Watts, call for no particular mention, unless it be that the draughtsmanship of the last is not what might be expected from a master of the “figure.” Mr. Hodgson’s “Armourer’s Shop” (68), a small Algerian subject, is scarcely so expressive as usual. “La Calderaja” (113), by Mr. Yeames, is an excellently-painted female figure.

Among “outsiders,” Mr. Heywood Hardy has greatly modified his style in the direction of minute finish, and now reminds one, by his dainty execution and colour, of some of the French genre-painters. See “A Norfolk Gamekeeper” (233), a charming group of children on donkeys on the sea-beach, called “Gaining Health” (267), and “Not to be Caught by Chaff” (149), a girl trying to capture a loose pony. Mr. Briton Rivière sends a farcical little picture, entitled “A Double-Entendre” (81), in allusion to the diverse intent of a boy and a pig, the former striving to hold in the latter by a rope fastened to one of the pig’s trotters and passed round a stump. Two eastern subjects by Mr. Bridgeman, after the manner of his master, Gérôme, are remarkable for vivid truth of sunlight effect. Mr. P. R. Morris has hit upon a suggestive subject, as usual, and treated it with his customary grace of feeling and refined colour, in “Old Ocean’s Waif” (316), a boy and a girl dragging to shore a union-jack. Other figure-subjects, or pictures combining figures and landscape, which we would commend to notice are “Evening—Waterloo,” by E. Crofts; a Brétagne Cloth Market (61), by L. Lhermitte—very telling, but the blacks recalling the artist’s practice in charcoal; “In Maiden Meditation” (104), by V. Bromley; “The School Teacher” (290), by J. B. Burgess; “Carte de Visite” (307), by A. E. Emslie; pleasing pictures by Mrs. Jopling, Mrs. M. E. Edwards, and H. Caffieri; and the contributions of H. Helmick, E. H. Fahey, P. and T. R. Macquoid, A. Hopkins, and E. Barclay. A word of praise is also due to the “Overfed Cat” (122), by Mr. Coulsdrey, one of the feline tribe which this artist paints so imitatively.

The department of marine painting is better represented than some others. Mr. H. Moore’s “Fine Weather in the Mediterranean” (250) is, we think, much preferable to his landscape (241). The effect of the varied surface of the sea, under a faint breeze, twinkling in the sun’s rays or veiled by the shadows of light clouds, is rendered with truth and masterly directness of means. “Arrival of Fishing-Boats—Berck Sands” (213), by J. H. Sampson, is excellent in atmospheric effect, and as promising as it is unpretending. No. 169, by W. H. Overend, is an impressive study of rough sea at dawn. The marine scenes by H. Macallum are vigorous, but there is a tendency to force the effects. “Landing Fish” (219), by C. N. Hemy, is also an able work, though a little heavy.

Among the landscapes proper, “A Breezy Day in August” (420), a tiny work by Mr. Alma Tadema, is one of the most *saisissant*, brilliant, and realistic. We must, however, submit that this accomplished artist takes a wrong direction in landscape with such extreme photographic literalism. As in his figure-pictures, everything is of equal visible value, whatever its relative importance—in truth, the unimportant often takes pre-eminence. We have frequently maintained, and we still maintain—that few English landscapists appear to coincide with the opinion—that an exact copy of nature, especially inanimate nature, is not art at all. It is only after transfusion by a mental process that the ocular impression receives the stamp of genuine art value. Mr. A. Goodwin has two or three landscapes here which, though they go to the opposite extreme in their vagueness of form and indeterminateness, not to say “dirtiness,” of colour, yet show that he is on the right road towards suggestive art. At the same time there are many ways to that goal. Mr. C. J. Lewis in “Arminghen, Artois” (118), and two other landscapes, fascinate by sharp, sparkling handling, and a sense of gladsome enjoyment of nature which irradiates the scene and makes us forget to desiderate more repose and breadth of gradation. Midway between these may be placed the contributions of E. A. Waterlow, whose “Summer Evening on the Thames” (393) surely deserved a better place; Mr. J. L. Pickering—a promising young artist with true sentiment—and J. E. Grace. On the other hand, enduring artistic pleasure is afforded by the suppression of detail, as in the contributions of J. Knight, particularly a small landscape, called “After Rain” (240); but still more conspicuously by Madame Cazin. The works of this lady, notably, “A Fishing Village” (257), with its singularly broad and faithful sunlight effect,



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